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Children's Newspaper

More Pictures Than Ever in the Children's Pictorial—See Number 2

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World*

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# THE MAN THE MISSIONARIES MADE

See Page Seven

## JACKO ON THE ROOFS

### A MERRY MONKEY'S ESCAPADE

### Autumn Holiday Along the London Housetops

### TRAPPED AT LAST

A glorious spell of crowded life must be worth an age without a game to a monkey as to a boy, so we must assume that Joey, a Camberwell pet, is happy in his recollections. He has had practically a fortnight's liberty on the housetops of the parish which was earlier famous as the home of Ruskin and Browning.

Escaping from a house near Camberwell Green, Joey made himself master of the turret of a church and the roofs of sundry houses and shops.

### The Fire of Liberty

The weather was chill and rainy, but the fire of liberty warmed him. Flight from innumerable pursuers kept his blood coursing briskly, and he stole food with such daring and success that there was not a healthier or better-fed monkey in London than Master Joe.

He would descend as swift as thought from a roof, grab a banana or apple from a stall or shop, enter a house and pilfer from table or larder, leap through a bedroom's opened window, scutter down a cellar, shoot up a staircase, and seldom return without gain of booty to reward his enterprise.

So successful was he in unexpectedly penetrating human habitations that he created a mild reign of terror. The C.N.'s own Jacko was never a greater Turk than he.

Camberwell's official life was ranged against him, and Joey mocked the officials, engineers, policemen, men of soaring abilities, who sought to rival him in his climbs among the chimney pots.

### A Sight for the Crowd

The Town Clerk sternly bade Joey's master to catch the impish truant, but he might as well have commanded him to arrest a sunbeam. Day after day and night after night for all but a fortnight the monkey revelled in freedom, and drew hundreds of children and leisured grown-ups to watch his daily defiance of pursuit.

Each day some new lure, some new method of arrest was vainly essayed. Joey eluded the open attempts, and neatly got the better of the subtle ones. He jumped over the heads of pursuers, or slid down drain-pipes, or made mighty acrobatic leaps through mid-air to perilous positions to which he could not be followed. And then the dashes for food would be boldly renewed.

It seemed as if all traps would be defeated, for Joey stole the bait without harm to himself. He dodged the men who went up to squirt sleep-inducing fluids on him; he simply enjoyed the courageous scramblings of bold young constables who could catch any mere human burglar on a roof.

But on the thirteenth day Joey fell a victim to his own weakness. A local rat-catcher baited a trap with a scented fluid dear to animal noses. Twice Joey ventured into the trap and twice came out, for rain had caused the door to swell so that the snare could not close.

A third time Joey returned to the scented bait, and that was fatal. The trap closed. Joey was a prisoner. The rat-catcher climbed to the roof, put the trap on his head, and carried it down, Joey and all.

So ended the adventure which gave Camberwell a temporary revival of fame and secured Joey an article all to himself in the grown-up papers day by day.

Joey was at last restored to his master, with whom we wish him a long and happy life, sweetened by freedom, but with not too much licence.

It is interesting to know that the rat-catcher obtained the recipe for the scented fluid from a coloured seaman at the docks who told him it would attract all kinds of animals and insects, from the lion to the ant. Certainly it has proved very successful in the case of Jacko. *Picture on page 12*

## Making Westminster Safe for M.P.s



**Always before the opening of a new Parliament the Yeomen of the Guard march to the Palace of Westminster and search the vaults beneath the House of Commons and House of Lords to see that no conspirators or explosives are hidden there. This practice has been carried out ever since the time of Guy Fawkes**

## SHOULD HOUSES BE FREE?

There was a time when the idea of providing an education for every citizen at the public expense seemed a ridiculous piece of socialism. Yet today a former Member of Parliament (not a Socialist) tells us that housing, like education, "will have to become a public provision."

When we established free education we did it less for the good of the individual scholars than for the good of the State, which wants educated citizens. If Major Harry Barnes's desire is ever realised, it will be because the State realises that an ill-housed people is an inefficient people, which can never attain the greatness which under proper conditions awaits it.

What we should all like to see is enough wisdom in the nation to set the million idle men to work on building the million houses we are waiting for.

## TALE OF A HOUSE

### A MAN'S DREAM AND WHAT CAME OF IT

### The Tragic Things that are Happening in the World Today

### THE BEGINNING AND THE ENDING

Here is a tale of the kind of thing that is happening in the world today, a world that is still in the shadow of the Great War.

A generation ago there was living in London a Cumberland man called John Porter Foster. He worked hard, had good fortune, and amassed wealth. As his pile grew there grew in him a secret hope and dream, which centred in Killhow, in Cumberland.

There, in the old days, had been the Foster home, which, like many other old-established family houses, had passed into alien hands.

"When I am rich enough," said John, "I will buy back that old place and build there a house of my own—a house that shall be a home."

### A Dream Comes True

Years passed. The dream came true. No one knows the intense joy with which the man bought back the old family site and began to build a house. He pored over the plans, watched the walls rise, and said to himself, "This is *mine*, my home."

The building presently rose for all men to see, a fine baronial hall with a castellated tower, standing in some thirteen acres of grounds. Before Foster had finished making a home it had cost him £36,000.

John walked up and down the park outside and went from room to room. Here was his dream come true. Here, on the spot where his ancestors had lived, he had built another home for those bearing the name of Foster.

### Fortune Slips Out

The winds and rains of the north country were kind to the new house on the old soil, and soon made it look at home. Years passed. The day came when John Porter Foster was no more; he had gone with his hopes and dreams, fulfilled and unfulfilled, into the Silent Land. He had changed his baronial hall for "a little, little grave."

The big house was lost without him. His dream was not magic for anyone else. Fortune slipped out of the door and left it open for tragedy to enter.

Not many summers later this house that John had builded with so much joy was dismantled and sold. *The buyer paid £2000 for it!*

It was as well that the man who made the home was beyond the reach of human voices when this transaction took place. We who read the tale of the house are sad that a home built up with so much love and devotion should have become a mere mass of masonry, a body without a soul.

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# THE DRAMATIC CHANGE IN PARLIAMENT

## NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

### Extraordinary Results of the Three-Party System

### WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE?

It will be a strange sight that greets the old members of the new House of Commons next week.

The Labour Government will be there no more. The great Liberal Party will be a very little host, and Mr. Baldwin will be back as Prime Minister with one of the biggest Conservative majorities (over 200) in the history of this country.

One result of the change that gives universal satisfaction is the assurance it gives the nation of a rest from General Elections. We have had three in three years. In 1922 over 14 million people went to the poll; in 1923 they went again; and now more than 16 millions and a half have voted in an election which will long be remembered.

It began as a very dull election, with most people wishing it had never happened; it ended as one of the most dramatic elections in our history.

#### The Russian Letter

It was made so by the sudden publication by the Foreign Office of a letter signed in the name of a notorious Bolshevik in Russia, urging the few Bolsheviks in this country to prepare for revolution.

As the Labour Government had proposed to guarantee a loan to the Russian Government the publication of the letter caused a great sensation. Though the Russian Government declares it a forgery, the appearance of the letter destroyed all chance of a Russian treaty, or the return of the Government which proposed it. The indignation in the country was very great, and it has been made quite clear that Bolshevik propaganda has no chance of making headway here. The country will have nothing to do with the methods that have brought Russia to ruin.

#### The Three-Party System

That is a decision full of hope, and it is quite plain. There are some other aspects of the election, however, which are dramatic and astonishing. They have often been seen before, but the Three Party System has emphasised them in a remarkable way.

Where three candidates stand for one constituency it often happens that the candidate at the top of the poll does not poll a majority of the electors. He polls more than either of the other two, but not more than both of them together, and therefore it happens that in that constituency the M.P. is elected by a minority of the total voters. This affects all parties. *The extraordinary thing that has happened in this election has been that this curiosity of our electoral system has almost destroyed the Liberal Party in the House of Commons.*

#### Disappearance of a Party

Let us look at the round figures of the election. Over 16,000,000 people voted roughly like this: Conservative 7,800,000; Labour 5,500,000; Liberal 3,100,000. If an electoral system could be devised which would distribute seats in Parliament according to the votes cast for every party, the new House of Commons would therefore be divided roughly on this basis, giving the Liberals three seats for every eight Conservative seats. What actually happens, however, is that the Liberals have only one seat for every ten Conservative seats.

Owing to this remarkable state of things the historic Liberal Party is almost unrepresented in the new House, and there is only one Liberal M.P. for all the south of England below the estuary of the Thames and the estuary of the Severn. There is not even one Labour member in that vast area. Though over 900,000 electors voted Liberal or Labour they have one Liberal seat between them, the other 84 seats having been captured by the Conservatives with a vote of 1,456,000.

This is the explanation of one of the most remarkable election results ever known, and it arises from two things—the difference in the size of constituencies, and the Three-Party System.

One thing there is no doubt about—that the country has sent back to power, deliberately, an overwhelming majority against the wild men who would introduce the Russian system here, and it is hoped that we may now look forward to a period of security and freedom from anxiety under a Government so firmly established. Mr. Baldwin is Prime Minister for the second time in 12 months.

# AN ARTIST WHO SAW RUSSIA FALL

## His Remarkable Pictures

### THRILLING PAGES IN THE C.N. MONTHLY

We who have lived through the last ten years have seen a wonderful chapter in the history of Civilisation. Our fathers saw another.

What our fathers saw was the astonishing rise of Japan from feudalism to the rank of a Great Power. What we have seen is the fall of Russia to the very depths of ruin.

In Russia, civilisation has broken down, and we have seen what comes when civilisation goes. The men who have charge of Russia in these days are starving the teachers, driving out administrators and scientists and business men, and shattering the foundations that hold up the structure of society.

How did it all begin? What really happened when Civilisation came clattering down in the streets of Russia? The Editor has been able to arrange for the publication of a series of pictures which show us exactly what did happen then. They have been drawn by a Russian artist who saw the revolution with his own eyes, and was so moved by what he saw that he made a gallery of pictures so that the horror of it all might be realised in other lands.

It has taken some years to produce these pictures, and has cost an enormous sum of money to get them out of Russia, at great risk of life. A selection from these vivid pictures appears in the new number of My Magazine, now lying on the bookstalls, and C.N. readers who would like to see them should lose no time in ordering a copy.

**Ask for My Magazine for December**

# LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

## Velvet Suits and Lace Collars of Long Ago

There has just died in New York a dear old English lady whose name was well known to our fathers about 40 years ago, when she published her famous tale of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Children read other authors now, and the name of Frances Hodgson Burnett means nothing to them; but when our fathers were children the figure of the little boy with the big blue eyes and golden curls, dressed in his velvet suit and lace collar, captured the hearts of the public in real life as swiftly as he captured them in the book itself.

There was scarcely a mother who did not think her own son might be a Little Lord Fauntleroy if only she dressed him for the part. Many a bitter tear has been shed by boys who were expected to go to school with a light heart, dressed like the hero of Mrs. Burnett's sentimental story, and the Fauntleroys of real life had rather a hard time among their rude schoolmates. But perhaps it did them no harm—and Mother never knew.

**Continued from the previous column**

# A VILLAGE WITHOUT DRINK

## More Milk for Baby and Less Taxation for Father

### EVERYBODY PLEASED

Kirkintilloch is a Scottish town of 12,000 inhabitants, and it has forbidden the sale of drink since the Scottish Local Option Act came into force. The year 1922 was its first complete year of Prohibition, and, allowing for war restrictions, 1914 was its last year without it.

Comparing those two years we find that convictions for drunkenness dropped from 230 to 13, local taxes dropped 18s. on every £11 of rent, and there were 44 fewer applications for poor relief.

The death-rate among infants has fallen from 136 per thousand to 71, the cooperative society's sales of milk have gone up from 43,000 gallons to 113,000. In spite of bad trade, local savings are higher than ever before, and the turnover in the shops has increased.

# DOROTHY VERNON'S HOME

## Haddon Hall to be Closed

It is sad to hear that after this month Haddon Hall, the Duke of Rutland's beautiful seat in Derbyshire, will no longer be open to the public.

Standing on a slope above the River Wye, this noble house has been for half a century a magnet drawing visitors from all parts of the world. It was first built in Norman times, and various owners added to it until the days of Elizabeth, since when little change has taken place in its architecture. Haddon Hall contained precious works of art, and its lovely gardens have been praised by many writers of renown.

But perhaps the story which has fixed Haddon Hall in the minds of most people is the tale of the beautiful Dorothy Vernon, who, at the height of a night's festivities, cast her cloak over her shoulders, and ran to the postern gate to meet her lover and fly with him in his coach to her wedding at Gretna Green.

# THE VIPER-CATCHERS

## Two Brothers Catch 10,000

What is called the Côte d'Or is a fertile stretch of upland lying between the Cevennes and the Vosges mountains, a great wine-producing region; but for many years the vipers have been such a pest there that the authorities decided to offer a money prize for every viper caught alive. The Terrier brothers, who live in the village of Flavigny, set to work at the beginning of this summer, as soon as the sun warmed the reptiles out of their holes; and by the end of the season had caught no less than 10,000.

The Mayor of Flavigny was happily not like that other Mayor, who cheated the Pied Piper out of his promised reward for freeing the ancient city of its rats. The Terriers got their money.

One of them has been bitten 31 times, and their father was killed by a viper.

# ONE DOOR ONE KEY

## No Use to a Burglar

The skeleton key is no mere fiction; in the expert hands of a thief it can be used to open all the doors along the corridor of a hotel, especially if he happens to have one bedroom key to go upon as a pattern.

The thing has been done. A thief once picked up a key in the street, altered it, and used it to get into the rooms

But a British firm has just invented a lock (and keys to fit it) making such criminal ingenuity impossible. If the key were lost or stolen the wrong owners could never by any alteration of it make it fit any door except the door it was made to fit.

# BRITISH DELIGHT

## BOOKS THAT LAST A YEAR

### Old and New Friends for Girls and Boys

### PLENTY OF ADVENTURE AND FUN

Now that the long winter evenings are here the first thing most of us fly to is a jolly book when we want complete enjoyment in playtime hours.

Books are good friends always, and there are no jollier books of fun and adventure than those splendid annuals we now find on the bookstalls and in the shops. They are so full of enthralling stories, pictures, coloured plates, games, puzzles, riddles, and jokes that we come back to them again and again.

Many old friends appear again this year. First of all there is The Champion Annual, which is for older boys and girls, and is packed with exciting tales of adventure on land and sea. A wonderland of romance is explored in its thrilling pages. To those who like a capital school story those old favourites, The Holiday Annual and The Schoolgirl's Own Annual will appeal very strongly. Adventure, too, plays its part.

#### A Book for Every Schoolgirl

A brand-new book that every schoolgirl will like is The Golden Annual. This is a wonderful budget of school and adventure tales. Coming to books for younger readers, we find Playbox Annual and Tiger Tim's Annual both dealing largely in picture and story with the fascinating pranks of Tiger Tim and the famous Bruin Boys. Playbox Annual has been a big favourite for many years, but it was never better than today. The new editions of Puck Annual and Wonderland Annual are very good, too, and readers who delight in pictures, fairy tales, and more simple school and adventure tales will find them a sheer delight. Readers of the popular weekly paper, Playtime, will find all the favourite characters in Wonderland Annual.

All these annuals are lavishly illustrated and contain beautiful plates in full colour. They are strongly bound in stiff boards with cloth backs, are printed on strong paper, and have beautifully coloured glossy covers. They are six shillings each, with the exception of The Golden Annual, which is 4s. 6d.

#### Toys to be Cut Out

There are also five exceptionally attractive books for very little people. Two of these are new this year, and quite different from others. They are cut-out Toy Books entitled The Playhour Toy Book and The Jolly Toy Book, and contain an amazing variety of models, toys, puzzles, games, colour models of soldiers, dolls and their dresses, engines, motor-cars, and so on, printed on paper thick enough to render mounting on cardboard unnecessary. With these books, a pair of scissors, and a little paste, a wonderfully cheap collection of toys can be made.

Pictures play the leading part in the other three books. Chicks' Own Annual is for tiny tots just learning to read. Rainbow Annual and Bubbles Annual are storehouses of fun with laughter and joy in every page. These five books for the little people are only 3s. 6d. each.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|---|---|
| Antilles | Ahn-**til**-leez |
| Baluchistan | Bah-loo-chis-**tahn** |
| Gauges | **Gan**-jeez |
| Okapi | O-**kah**-pe |
| Panthéon | Pon-ta-**on** |
| Schumann | **Shoo**-mahn |
| Sheik | Shayk |
| Wagner | **Vahg**-ner |

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# A GREAT NEW TRADE

## ARTIFICIAL SILK FOR ALL

### Are Our Manufacturers Holding Their Own?

### ENORMOUS IMPORTS

The latest Board of Trade official returns show that the trade in artificial silk is this year making a new and wonderful record.

A few years ago the trade was so small that we did not even trouble to make a note of its true dimensions. Now, the figures bulk very largely indeed in the records. It is another case to show how rapidly industry moves in the twentieth century. Changes which in the time of our fathers took a generation to accomplish, are now brought about in a few years.

In 1921 we imported £1,200,000 worth of artificial silk. In September, we see, we imported artificial silk at the rate of nearly £7,000,000 worth a year.

### British Silk Factories

But we not only import the artificial silk made in France, Italy, Switzerland, and other places. We have factories of our own, and in 1921 we exported £1,700,000 worth of British-made artificial silk; that is much more than we imported of the foreign stuff.

In September this year we exported British artificial silk at the rate of £4,700,000 worth a year. That was a big increase on 1921, but our exports this year are not so big as our imports.

It does not seem, therefore, that we are making sufficient progress in meeting the needs of our own home market. This is a case, like many others, in which there are many different qualities and varieties. Artificial silk can be made in a very delicate quality, suitable for ladies' fine dresses, or it can be made much coarser, to be used almost as a substitute for cotton.

### Taking the Place of Cotton

Some people think, indeed, that artificial silk may largely take the place of cotton, seeing that it is made out of wood pulp, and that it may prove easier to secure abundant supplies of wood than of cotton.

However that may be, there is no doubt that the uses of artificial silk are rapidly extending. Nearly every woman now wears it in some shape or form, and a beginning has been made in weaving it together with cotton and wool.

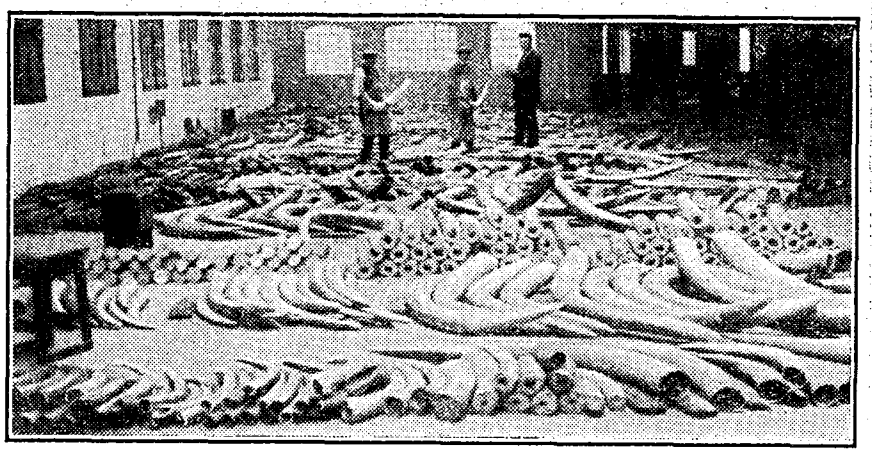
It is surely remarkable that our imports of foreign artificial silk have increased nearly six times in only three years. The fact is that this wonderful trade, built on the discoveries which we described in the C.N. some months ago, is still in its infancy, and further phenomenal growth is bound to take place.

### A Great Opportunity

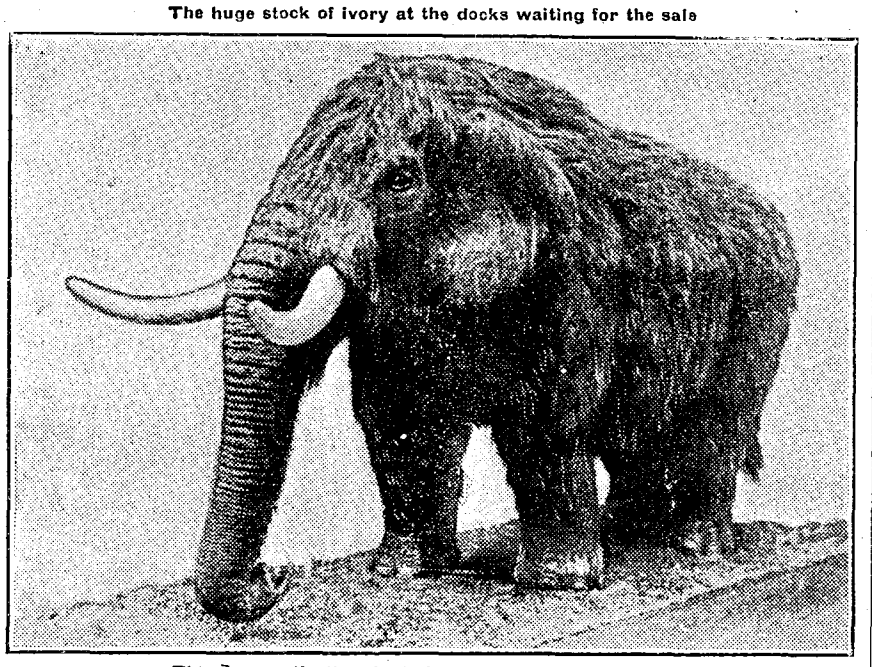
Here, then, is an opportunity for British trade which ought not to be neglected. We are delighted to hear that our British makers are building new factories to cope with the expected demand. The number of customers is only limited by the size of the world's population, for the material is so beautiful, cheap, and attractive that everybody wants it as soon as they see it.

We have no doubt that in five years' time the trade will have doubled or trebled, and all that is really in doubt is whether the additional demand will be met by our own manufacturers or by the great works which are being multiplied on the Continent of Europe.

# IVORY 50,000 YEARS OLD



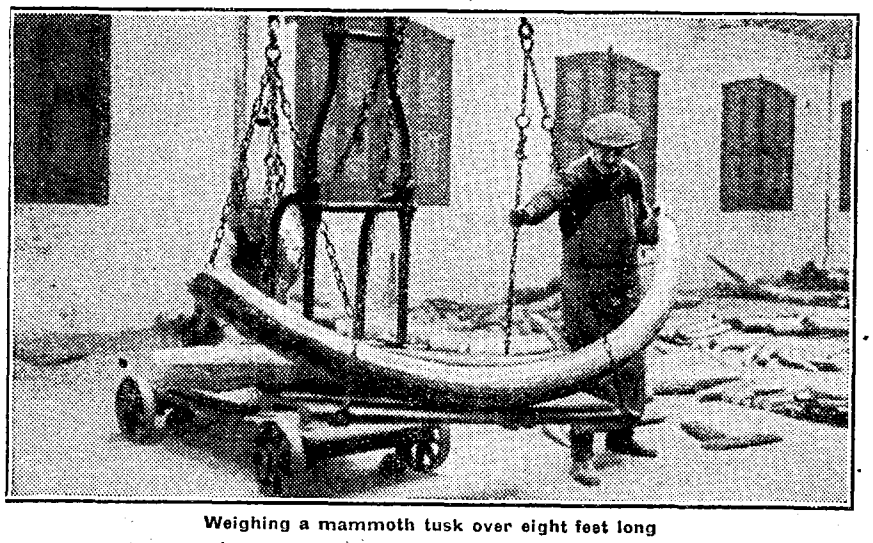
The huge stock of ivory at the docks waiting for the sale



The mammoth, the giant elephant with the hairy coat



Two of the large mammoth tusks from Siberia



Weighing a mammoth tusk over eight feet long

**At a great sale of ivory at the London Docks recently, consisting mostly of elephants' tusks from Africa, some mammoths' tusks from Siberia were included. They were said to be 50,000 years old, and some weighed 160 pounds. They realised £41 a hundredweight**

# LHASSA

## The Wretched Capital of Tibet

### A CITY OF DIRT AND MYSTERY

**By Our India Correspondent**

The reports of the Everest Expedition have contained many allusions to conditions of life in Tibet, and the Tibetan town of Phari Jhong has been called the dirtiest town on Earth. But the heroes of Everest had not been to the capital of Tibet. They had not seen Lhassa.

As one approaches the city one is sure that the streets inside will be well kept and clean, for all round is a fine road called the Circular Road, which is kept in perfect condition. On this road is a continual stream of pilgrims, each whirling his bone or brass prayer wheel and calling on the Buddha in the monotonous phrase which means "O flower of the lotus." A journey round the city on this Circular Road is supposed to bring to pilgrims as much benefit as they could get by visiting every temple and shrine in the city.

### Healthy and Happy People

But inside the walls the streets are simply snares for the unwary. They are full of holes, and everywhere are open evil-smelling drains. One wonders how the people manage to live at all. The natural thing would be to expect a perpetual epidemic of plague, but, except for a certain amount of small-pox, the inhabitants of Lhassa, as of all Tibet, are healthy, strong, and cheery.

The interiors of the houses are as bad as the streets. In the courtyard of each house is an open refuse heap, and with few exceptions the ground floors are occupied by yaks, sheep, and ponies. The rooms have no fireplaces, and the plight of a European guest may be more easily imagined than described when he is thought of as sharing a room filled with pungent smoke with a number of people who bathe not more often than once in a year. Lhassa is not a place for fastidious people.

But the Tibetans are very lovable and, on the whole, very reliable. The men of the Everest Expedition have many tales to tell of the bravery and endurance of their Tibetan porters, and generally they are typical of their fellows. In physique and intelligence they are superior to some people who have been more in touch with civilisation, and they are the equals of most.

# MEASURING MILLIONTHS

## A Man's Wonderful Sense of Touch

The Bureau of Standards at Washington, where the accuracy of United States weights and measures is officially determined, has engaged a man with a wonderful sense of touch to help in getting the metre-length as accurate as science can make it.

Mr. John Clacey is the expert, and though he is 70, he has such a wonderful sense of touch that he can detect differences of millionths of an inch in the making of optical instruments.

Mr. Clacey learned glass-grinding as a boy, because he wanted a telescope and could not afford the money to buy one. So he set about making one for himself.

Recently, when the Bureau was attempting to make the perfect right angle, Mr. Clacey re-ground, to within one-fiftieth of a wave-length of absolute accuracy, a right angle which had been found, on testing, to be a tiny fraction of a degree out of truth. His trained sense of touch enabled him to discover in seven minutes a mistake that had been passed by the most expensive and delicate optical instruments in the world.

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# THE EEL PUZZLE

## MORE LIGHT ON IT

### The Sherlock Holmes of a Natural History Mystery

### THE SCENE OF A WONDERFUL EVENT

From days before history the eel has been as complete a puzzle to man as the gorilla, the okapi, and the furry mammals which lay eggs.

Their Sherlock Holmes is Professor Schmidt of Copenhagen University. In the course of many sea-soundings over great areas of ocean he has, as C.N. readers know, pieced together the marvellous story of their career.

He has lately been telling the French Academy of Sciences in Paris where they are born, and where they die. It is in the abysmal waters surrounding the Antilles, the Antilles being the greater part of the islands which Columbus mistook for India.

#### The Mecca of the Eels

Within the past few years we had reached fairly definite conclusions as to the scene of this eel mystery, but now Dr. Schmidt has finally fixed the spot. It is between longitude 48 and 60 that this paramount marvel of Nature annually occurs, where giant eels lay their eggs and die, and little ones are hatched.

But it is the preliminaries leading to this festival of life and death which make the annual event so wonderful. That area of water is to the eels of the Old World and the New what Jerusalem is to us, what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, what the Ganges is to millions of Hindus.

From every pond and ditch in Europe, from every stream and river, eels are now beginning their migration down to the sea. The Atlantic, in its fullest dimensions, embraces over 30 million square miles, yet it is to one particular place that the eels of America and the eels of Europe turn. There they meet; there they accomplish the wonder for which ten or more years in our inland streams has fitted them; they give birth to life and surrender up their own.

#### Off to the Sea

There are still eels with us in our inland waterways, but that is because they are not mature. When completely grown-up they must go. They crave for the salt sea and its profoundest deeps. If they cannot swim out to the enormous pressure for which they yearn, their bodies blister, their flesh swells like that of a deep-sea fish brought bursting to the surface.

Their skins now glow with silver, their eyes enlarge and gleam like flashing lamps. And so they light their way for the pilgrimage to death.

The young will turn, some to the west to reach America, the others to the east to reach Great Britain and the Continent beyond. They will be two or three years in reaching their destination, and will change as astonishingly as the flat-fish and the tadpoles.

#### The Little Eels Arrive

At first they are compressed from side to side, like perch or trout, transparent as glass, yet growing to ten inches, it may be. Their outline alters, the teeth are shed and new ones form in a mouth of different shape. The body becomes tubular, its size is reduced. Finally, it is as true little eels, or elvers, only an inch or two long, that they reach our rivers, and they appear in such multitudes that the water is grey or black with them. It takes 14,000 elvers to weigh a pound, but when they are running up the rivers a single dip of a bucket may catch two or three pounds of them; and from one place in the Severn over three tons of them have been taken in a single day.

The reason for these numbers is that the mother eel lays as many as ten million eggs in her effort to keep the race going. Her babes are marvels.

As they ascend the rivers they climb the gates and masonry of locks and weirs, they wriggle up the banks, they cross dry land to reach ponds and ditches remote from the stream.

And there they settle and grow, year after year, till the time and the tide are ready for their departure. Then, as they are doing now, they climb out of their retreats, they take the high road to the river and the highway to the sea, then out into the dark uncharted ocean, to swim the way Columbus sailed, not doubting or mutinying as his men did, but infallibly, unerringly, to the place where adult eels yield up the ghost, where new eels come out of eggs.

Ancient legend teems with spawn marvels and preposterous stories of miracles, but they present nothing more startling to the imagination than the cold reality of these facts finally made manifest to us by a Danish professor.

# A WOMAN'S ADVENTURES

## Experiences in Arabia and Africa

### TRUSTING THE NATIVE

Are people right in assuming that "natives are savages," taking it for granted that in wild places the people will kill or injure white visitors?

Miss Ada Boyland, who has just returned from one of her long journeys in distant lands, says the idea is quite mistaken, and she claims to have proved it. She says she has always found them "delighted at finding that a white woman trusts them."

Once she crossed the Arabian desert to the Red Sea (300 miles) by camel, with an escort of six natives. Another time she was rowed 600 miles down the Niger, in West Africa, by eleven native men rowing day and night for 15 days.

Arabian and Nigerian natives are not the only people who behave best when they see that they are trusted. It is one of the secrets of the management of men, women, and children of every race and clime.

# A GREAT EVENT FOR WOMANHOOD

## The Rise of the Lady Doctor

### REMEMBERING THE PIONEER

It is very difficult now to realise the struggle there was to open the medical profession to women, or to understand why the step was so bitterly opposed.

The London School of Medicine for Women, attached to the Royal Free Hospital, has just been celebrating the jubilee of its foundation.

It would have been a surprise and inspiration indeed to Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, on whom the brunt of the great struggle fell, to know that fifty years after the establishment of the school the event would be celebrated by a dinner in the Guildhall, a service at St. Paul's and the inauguration of a fund of £50,000 for the endowment of three medical professorships. These are to be held at the school, and are to be called after herself and her two colleagues, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson and Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.

# THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

## How They See it Through

As a result of his horse falling upon him a drover, named Madgwick, had his thigh broken when about 225 miles out of Longreach, Australia.

After the accident he had to drive for two days over rough country to get to Onoto Station, where he could telephone for the ambulance at Longreach.

Rain was falling, the creeks were flooded; they got bogged three times, but after eight days' travelling the ambulance reached the Longreach hospital.

Continued from the previous column

# POLAND AS A NAVAL POWER

## Strange Outcome of the Peace Treaty

### A ROAD TO THE SEA AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

One of the surprises of our time is that Poland has become a naval Power.

Poland proper is a long way from the sea, but at the Peace, when her partition by Russia, Prussia, and Austria was reversed and she was once more united as a sovereign State, it was represented that she ought to have access to the sea, and a northward "corridor" was made for her, cutting eastern Germany off from central and western Germany, and making Danzig, on the Baltic, a free port belonging to neither nation, but with full facilities there for Polish overseas trade.

And now, on the strength of this access to the sea, Poland is said to be building a great naval port at Gydnia, outside Danzig, which is to be the headquarters of a navy, made by France out of a French loan, complete with submarines, destroyers, and hydroplanes.

We hope this scheme will not develop, and we remember that France and Poland were the first countries to sign the agreement at Geneva for the calling of a disarmament conference next June.

# THE GALLANT VIKING

## How He Carried the Safety Line

### HONOUR WHERE IT IS DUE

We have to thank an Orkney reader for an opportunity of paying honour where it is due.

With most of the papers, it appears, we were misinformed as to the name of the gallant man who, when the schooner Kathleen Annie was wrecked on the Green Holms of Eday, carried the safety line from ship to shore through a roaring sea in the dead of night.

This brave man was a worthy descendant of the Vikings, a Norwegian seaman named Ernst Rosenbaum. He volunteered for the perilous task and was thus instrumental in saving the lives of the rest of the crew.

The idea was Captain Worsley's, and he it was who, watching from the end of the bowsprit for favourable opportunities, told the other members of the crew, one by one, when to drop into the raging sea and, catching hold of the rope, swing along it to safety with the help of the waves as they dashed landwards.

# A FRENCH IDEA

## Power for Home Industries

What a revolution would be brought about in our national habits if electrical power were brought to every house and cottage in the land, as it may be!

In France they are seriously considering the harnessing of their abundant water power so that every farm and peasant's cottage should have its supply.

It is argued that if this were done manufacturers could send their work to be done in the people's homes instead of requiring the people to go to the factories, reviving home industries that have long since disappeared.

# 300 CANARIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC

## Christmas Coming

Three hundred canaries have just set sail in an Atlantic liner for New York.

They are the first of the 2000 emigrants who are every year sent from England to America as Christmas presents for New Yorkers or New Englanders. Many go from Yorkshire, which has sent the first batch, and many from Norfolk and the East End of London.

It is pleasant to think of these messengers of peace and goodwill singing, like Christmas waits, to the Americans, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen."

# THE EVERYDAY HERO

## Rovers as Life-Savers

### FORTY SAVED IN FOUR YEARS

The Rovers of the London Scouts have received a circular from one of their number, Mr. P. L. Oliver, which pays them a great compliment.

Mr. Oliver is secretary of the Camberwell Branch of the British Red Cross Society, which has taken upon its shoulders the supply of volunteers for blood transfusion to all the London hospitals, and he feels that there is too much talk of the "heroism" shown by those who offer their blood to save the lives of others.

"It frightens young men off," he said to the C.N., "from doing an act which is not dangerous, but merely unselfish. If people get the idea that there is any danger to be feared from the after-effects of blood-transfusion, our good work, which has been the means of saving 40 lives in the past four years, will be impeded."

It is a good point to bear in mind. We are sure that Rovers, who are grown-up Scouts, will not think it anything unusual to make a personal sacrifice in order to restore others to health, and we do not think they will mind very much if nobody calls them heroes for doing what anyone with the Scout tradition is proud to do without the hope of advertisement or reward. Blood-transfusion is in no way injurious.

# THE ILLEGAL TWOPENCE

## Story of a Government Mistake

### £30,000 AND WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH IT

A gift of £30,000 to found scholarships for the sons of English farmers had a very curious origin.

During the reign of the Food Controller just after the war, that powerful official decided that all milk taken from south-western counties to other parts of the country must pay a levy of twopence a gallon.

A great milk-providing company, United Dairies, Limited, went to law about it, and got a decision in the courts that the levy was illegal, and that it must be repaid.

Now the money has been handed back, and the company, instead of distributing it among its shareholders, has put it into a trust from which scholarships will be paid to sons of farmers in these south-western counties for study at agricultural colleges.

The levy must have been very embarrassing to the farmers, in their competition with other parts of the country, but their sons will benefit.

# AN ENGLISHMAN'S NAME

## Honoured in a Far Country

It is moving to know that the name of a high-minded Englishman has been honoured far away in Budapest in the establishment of the Lord Weardale home for young girls.

Lord Weardale was the first President of the British Save the Children Fund, and the home has been established by the Fund with the help of a subsidy from the Hungarian Government.

The home will house 44 young girls remanded from the juvenile courts, and keep and train them till they are 18 and able to earn their living.

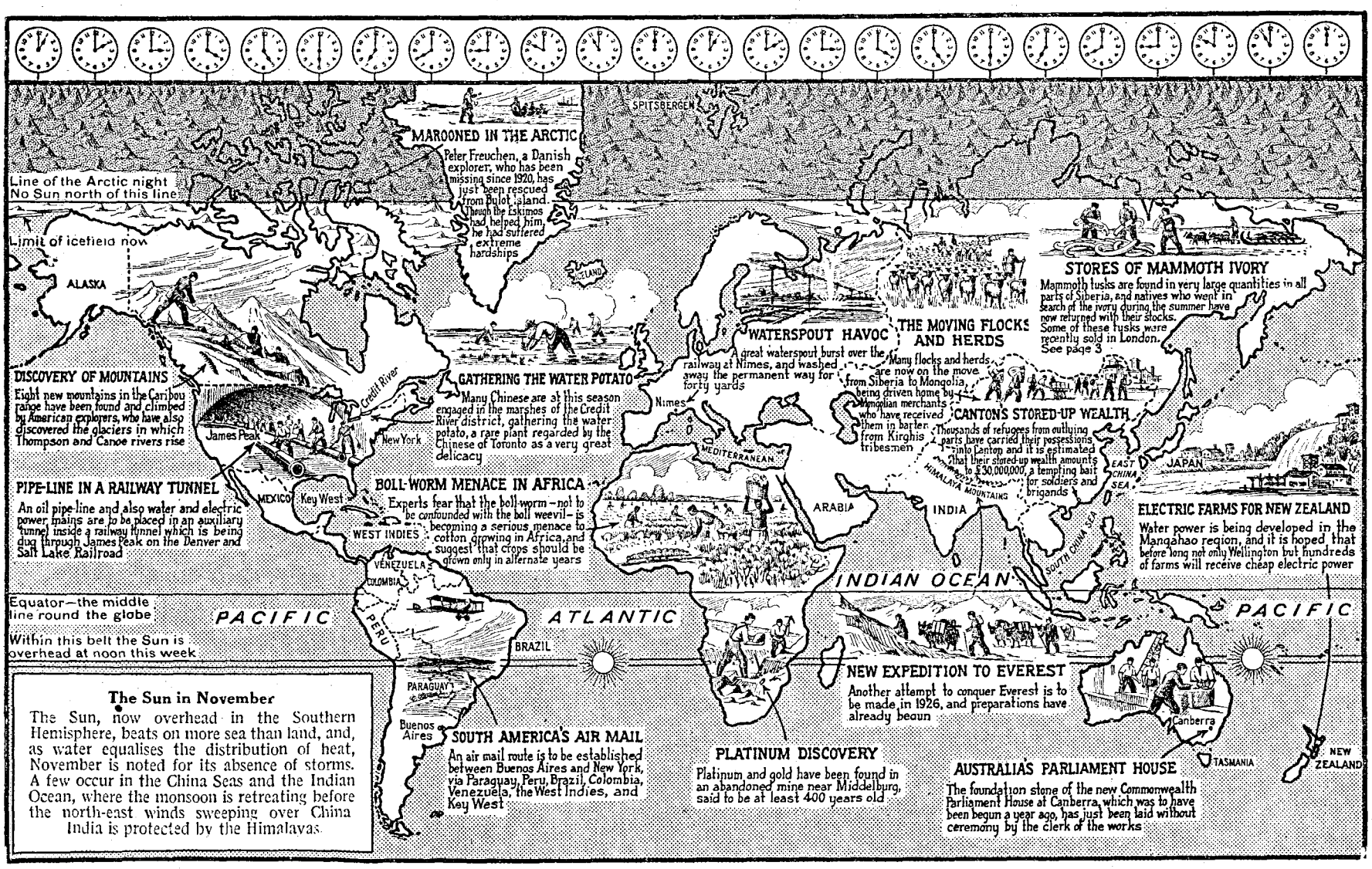
Count Apponyi, the aged Hungarian statesman, said it was characteristic of the English temperament not to trample on a vanquished foe, but to stretch forth a helping hand. Lord Weardale, he added, was not only a typical Englishman, but the very embodiment of the spirit of goodwill and understanding among the nations.

We may all rejoice that there are Englishmen who by their actions have caused such things to be said of us abroad.

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# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD




## ONE OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S SECRETS
### His Old Clay Figures

For hundreds of years people have been talking about the way Michael Angelo worked. Did he make clay models of his statues, or did he work straight on the marble?

The people in Munich are soon going to know all about it, for a German lady, Frau von Krohn, is giving to a museum of Munich, called the Old Pinakothek, the clay models of the great figures Michael Angelo carved for the Medici tombs in Florence.

It happened that during Michael Angelo's lifetime a famous merchant and art lover of Nuremberg, called Paul von Praun, was living in Italy. He went to Michael Angelo's studio, probably just before he died in 1564, and bought these clay models. Praun took his treasures back to Nuremberg, and his collection was famous for many generations. It was not broken up until a hundred years ago, and then the models were found in an art dealer's shop in Dresden, and rescued. They were shown at the Michael Angelo Exhibition held in Florence in 1876.

Such is the record given of these old clay figures, which all art lovers will rejoice to see.

## AIR TRAVEL SAFE
### Significant Step of an Insurance Company

It is not surprising, perhaps, that most people should suppose travel by air to be more dangerous than other ways of getting about, for it is scarcely ten years since travel by that means was found possible at all.

Yet already one great insurance company, the Commercial Union, has decided to make no extra charge for the risk.

Such a decision would never be made without careful study of the records of accidents to passenger aeroplanes, and it shows conclusively that air travel is now practically as safe as land or water travel.

## A HATCHET AT THE LAW COURTS
### And a Faggot for the King

The King's Remembrancer and the City Solicitor were the principal performers in Court A at the Law Courts the other day in a 700-year-old ceremony of paying the King the "quit rent" of the City of London.

It consisted of a bundle of faggots which the City Solicitor solemnly cut into a hundred pieces with a blow of a hatchet. The King's Remembrancer did not take the fragments to the King, but allowed those present to gather them up as souvenirs. Nobody knows, he said, why the City thus pays rent. It is a survival of the day when all rents were paid in service or in kind.

Equally quaint was the delivery of six great horseshoes such as London's big Flemish horses used to wear in the old days, with the 61 nails belonging to them. This was for a Strand tenement granted 700 years ago to a farrier.

## ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS
### How They Are Being Used

In a report lately issued by the Rockefeller Foundation, which is the corporation handling all the John D. Rockefeller charities, it is stated that the assets now held by the Foundation amount to nearly forty million pounds.

It has been the policy to sell out millions of dollars' worth of oil stocks with which this institution was originally endowed by Mr. Rockefeller, and purchase Government securities, so that the work the money maintains will be almost certain to go on for generations.

It is the Rockefeller Foundation that has given away so many millions to medical colleges and other institutions all over the world.

## THE PLUCKY BANTAM
### How He Challenged a Moving Train

What is a moving train to a bantam cock? A mere trifle, if we may judge by the way one of these birds attacked what he no doubt thought was an exceptionally large and fierce kind of bird with a fire inside it.

The bantam had been strutting along a station platform in the North of England when his promenade was disturbed by the arrival of a slow train. He fluffed up his feathers, crowed vigorously, and flew to meet the enemy. Everyone thought the bantam must be killed, but as they found him perched comfortably on the front axle of the engine when the train stopped, it looks as if he had decided to make friends at the last moment.

## 1500 PARROTS
### Wild Passengers Through London

The trade in wild animals appears to be centring itself in London, for large numbers of wild beasts of all kinds have been arriving for reshipment to the Continent and the United States during the past few months.

The Zoos of Europe suffered severely during the war, when many of their tenantry had to be destroyed; and now there is a demand for new specimens to fill the gaps. In one day recently eight elephants, six camels, and two large baboons were shipped to Vienna by one dealer in the West End.

Among other travellers breaking their journey with us lately was a family of 1500 parrots.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

| | |
|---|---|
| 17th-century Indian carpet . | £600 |
| A Persian MS. . . . . | £500 |
| An old Arabic mosque Koran . | £200 |
| 16th-century Persian silk carpet | £200 |
| Four Chippendale chairs . . | £178 |
| A Queen Anne bureau bookcase | £45 |

## QUICK RUN TO CAIRO
### The Flying Way
### LONDON TO MALTA IN 15 HOURS

An aerodrome has been prepared in Malta to receive the wonderful giant air-expresses which will soon be running to Cairo.

The building of the new machines has been started. They are made entirely of metal, and are to be driven by three 1000-horse-power engines, each weighing a ton. The machines will be able to fly 2000 miles without alighting, and will use 50 gallons of petrol an hour.

They are intended to open an air service between London and Cairo, Malta being the first stop. The journey to the Mediterranean island will take from eight in the morning till eleven at night, and at midnight the pilot will be off again, arriving in the Egyptian capital at three in the afternoon.

The very quickest way now from London to Cairo, using the train to Brindisi, on the south-eastern coast of Italy, and then taking a fast steamer to Alexandria, on the Egyptian shore, takes about three and a half days. The new air line will land passengers in Cairo within 31 hours from London.

The weight of the giant birds will be nearly 30 tons, and it is hoped to build eight of them so as to keep a daily service of mails and passenger traffic between London and the Gateway of the East.

## WONDERFUL ESCAPE
### How a Man's Life was Saved

While hauling pine logs out of the Haystack Mountains, Australia, a man had a miraculous escape from death.

Owing to a heavy downfall of rain the roads were very muddy, and while walking beside his team the man slipped and fell in front of the wheels. The wagon, bearing a 50-foot pine log, passed over the man, but so deep was the mud that he was crushed down into it. When he was dug out it was found that no bones were broken.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
NOVEMBER 15 ❁ ❁ 1924

## The Brave of Every Land

Somebody has asked for a service in memory of the Brave of All Nations.

THE brave of all nations! It is good to remember them. The mind runs far down the ages of time, far out to every land, for there has been no nation, no age, without brave people in it.

They come crowding into the mind. We remember Caractacus, who stood captive in chains before Caesar and told him that he loved his little British home, and that it would do Rome honour to loose his chains and send him back to the little island in the mists. We remember Toussaint l'Ouverture, flung for his courage into a dungeon where Napoleon let him starve and die. We remember Katharine Douglas, who bolted the door with her arm till the arm snapped in two.

We remember the matchless courage of the Stainless Maid of France, the dauntless heroism of Columbus of Spain, the unconquerable spirit of Garibaldi and Mazzini of Italy, the cheerfulness of Socrates in the face of death, the strength of Abraham Lincoln as his heart was breaking, the sacrifice of Father Damien who made himself a leper.

So the mind runs down the ages and greets the heroes of all time.

And what of the brave of our own time? They are everywhere about us. It is our pride to live among the brave. We cannot move without a sight of them, the men and women who all these years have been battling with fate, the men with no work to do, the children with all too little to eat, the mothers too proud to weep. These men home from the war with the light of their lives gone out, a little business gone, a little fortune shattered, with nothing certain except that life will never be the same again: where is courage like theirs?

And wherever we go in the world we find mankind the same. For five years the French and the Belgians have been rebuilding villages and towns. The Italian people have been struggling against fate. Poland is taking up her fragments and building a new nation from them. Austria and Hungary and the German people have been recovering from the wrack of doom. Japan has been shaken to her foundations. China has been torn by war and menaced by flood; India has been stricken by famine; and Russia is in the grip of a tyranny worse than the Tsar's.

And yet the world goes round, and mankind goes bravely on. We do well to remember that for most people now, especially for those who are no longer very young, life is as heroic as it ever was, and we are glad that bells have been ringing in remembrance of the brave of every land. A. M.




## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

*above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world*




### Where the Leaves Go

SOMEBODY from a town who has been walking about the country asks: Where do autumn leaves go? Our answer is: Into summer roses.

❁

### Life in the Small Thing

WE are tempted to quote this story from a sailor's life we have been looking at.

Three weeks after birth (the sailor writes) I was deposited in my father's footpan, to be interred in a garden at the back of the house, not being entitled to a berth in consecrated ground. That mattered little, however, as before the final screwing-down the old nurse discovered that there was "life in the small thing."

"The small thing" grew up and lived to be an admiral in the British Fleet, Sir Harry Keppel.

❁

### Ugliness Day by Day

Among the things we have forgotten to print in the last few months we find this passage from the Architect's Journal. It is no worse for being late.

DAY by day the countryside is devastated by more ugliness, so that where, here and there, one comes into a nicely laid-out housing scheme, it is, as it were, to enter a refreshing oasis in the midst of the desert. It is only possible to tolerate such things when we regard them as the misguided or selfish actions of individuals.

But surely it is impossible that you and we should, willy-nilly, year after year, have to pay for the building of these atrocities; and not only ourselves but our children as yet unborn.

If we can tolerate this, do we deserve to have won the war, do we deserve the beauties of our countryside, do we deserve to inherit our noble lineage of architectural tradition?

❁

### How to be Happy and How to be Miserable

WE were hearing the other day of the experiences of Sir Richard Terry, the eminent musician, on a visit to Wigan.

He was depressed by the great slag-heaps and the miserable streets, but he thought the tiresome journey and dreary sights were worth while when he heard working boys play the piano.

He does not know which astonished him most, "their intensely temperamental readings of Beethoven, Chopin, Bach, Schumann, and Scarlatti; the ease and delicacy of their phrasing the dexterity with which gnarled fingers and chapped hands ripple over difficult runs; or the dogged perseverance that constrains manual workers to spend their evenings in reaching so high a standard of proficiency."

Those working lads have proved again that man can master his environment. It is only when a man lets environment master him, when he lets his mind get slack and gives himself up to self-pity, that he becomes a drunkard or an anarchist.

### Mr. Muddle and Mr. Lovely

IT is a jolly game, on a motor-ride, or on a walk, to read the names on shops and signs. We noticed three the other day on one short ride. One was Dust, one was Muddle, one was Lovely. The lovely thing about them was that Mr. Muddle was a plumber.

❁

### Tip-Cat

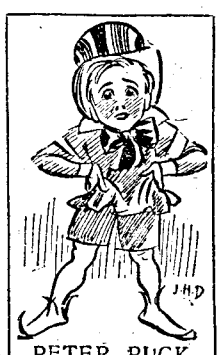
SHEIKS now ride about the desert in Ford cars. No wonder the camels have got the hump.

⊡

THE first man who went out with an umbrella was mobbed. People wondered what was up.

⊡

LONDONERS feel that all's well so long as they have the London police. They would feel otherwise if the police had them.




PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If a farthing ever gets any nearer

⊡

A SWARM of bees has been found in a guard's van. Must have taken him off his guard.

⊡

ALL the laws regarding our food are in a terrible muddle. And most of us are in the soup.

⊡

SOMEBODY has been pointing out that Charles the First is very high on his horse at Charing Cross. Riding the high horse again.

⊡

BUT for the house shortage, 70,000 more pianos would have been used in this country. Every cloud has a silver lining.

⊡

AN old man of ninety declares he never wants to go in an aeroplane. It would be all up with him if he did.

⊡

A VOCALIST with a silver voice has been found. No doubt he will soon be coining money.

⊡

THE Welshman's interest in music is said to be soon exhausted. He finds it too much of a strain.

❁

### Yesterday

SOMEBODY asks us for a good memory test. The best we can think of at the moment is to try to remember the things we worried about yesterday.

❁

### The Old Man Young

'Tis yet high day! Thy staff resume
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom,
A riper, more transcendent, youth?
A weight of gold is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life has begun,
At seventy-three begin once more—
Fly swifter as thou near'st the Sun,
And brightest shine at eighty-four.
At ninety-five shouldst thou arrive,
Still wait on God and work and thrive.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## A Great Man Has Gone Away

We are moved to give a place to this tribute to a great world-writer by one of his compatriots.

Anatole France lies in the Pantheon in Paris. This is why he lives in the memory of his country, according to our Paris Correspondent, who knew him.

POORER is our France without him, for more than a man was lost when Anatole France passed on.

Thousands of men die every day, and we should learn to face their passing with equanimity. But it seems as if the death of Anatole France had silenced a song, extinguished a light, stifled a spark of divinity.

Who was he? Spain calls him the Emperor of Intellect. Austria calls him the King of Prose. Greece calls him a Citizen of the World. All agree that he was the greatest living writer.

### His Gifts and His Work

We can hardly say that Anatole France was a philosopher, a psychologist, a novelist, a poet; he was more than each of these: he was all of them.

His gifts? Perfection of wit, of style, of language.

His themes? The love of humanity, of the individual, of freedom, of beauty. He only hated hate.

His works? He chastened our literature; he saved our language; he made the name of his country glow afar.

His charm? He had the simple fascination of the great. When he welcomed you in his delightful home in Touraine, surrounded with his books and works of art, you hailed him as the aristocrat of thought.

He was born in one of the old houses of old Paris. His father kept a bookshop on the quay. When the child raised his eyes he saw books all round him; when he looked out of the window he saw the Seine, the Louvre, and Notre Dame; and that double influence of the arts and of the past made a deep mark on his young mind. Later, poring over bookstalls, he came across old classics, and from them he grew to understand the meaning of old things.

### His Mother

A very pretty story he used to tell of his mother. "One day," he said, "in our little drawing-room, my mother laid down her needlework and took me in her arms; then, pointing out one of the flowers on the wallpaper, she said to me: 'I give you *this* rose.' And, in order that I might know it again among all the others, she marked it with her needle. No gift ever made me happier than that."

It was all seventy years ago, and Time has passed, and the great man is no more. What do we keep of him when we read his books? We keep a feeling of something rare indeed, such as only Phidias, Leonardo, Wagner, Shakespeare, can give.

The Frenchman who has no thought of tender regret for this unique member of his race, who goes his daily round without feeling that the world is poorer for his death, may go his unhallowed way: he stands apart from all that lends life a glow. S. V.

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# THE GREAT SOLDIER CHRISTIANITY MADE

## FENG OF CHINA

### Two Scenes in the Life of the Great Eastern Empire

### THE WOMAN IN WHITE

**By Our Missionary Correspondent**

There is something thrilling in these two scenes from the life of China; and especially it sends a thrill of pride through the hearts of those who have helped to send the glad news of Christianity round the world.

Outside the main gate of the Mission compound in Pao-tingfu in North China, one of the biggest men in the Chinese army was lounging.

Though only eighteen, he was well over six feet high, and broad and powerful in proportion.

The shouts that grew louder every minute made it clear to Feng Hu-hsiang that he would not have long to wait before the mob would make short work of the hated foreigners within.

### Feng Watches the Mob

Soon the mob appeared, and Feng watched them with eager interest as they broke down the great wooden doors by main force and surged into the compound, shouting for blood and brandishing their great knives. Suddenly he gave a gasp of amazement as he saw the slight figure of a woman dressed in white facing the mob.

She was one of the three missionaries within, and at her sudden appearance the mob halted and grew silent.

"Why do you seek to kill us?" she asked. "We are your friends; we seek only to do you good. You know how we have visited your homes, how we have taught your children and cared for your sick. Is it for this you would kill us?"

### The Brave Woman

"Kill the foreigners!" came the cruel cry from the rear of the crowd, and in a moment they surged forward again, only to stop once more as the little woman held up her hand.

"Then let me die for the others. Slay me, but spare my friends. Here I am, helpless; take me; you can do what you please."

The touching appeal was in vain. The worst elements in the crowd triumphed, and with a great swinging blow one of the leaders of the mob severed the young head from its shoulders. But Private Feng went off murmuring to himself: "There is some strange power in that religion. How brave she was! She offered to die for the others. I must inquire into that religion."

### The Gates Swing Open

Twenty years have passed, and it is dawn on an October morning in 1924. Feng Hu-hsiang has risen from Private to Field Marshal, and commands the cleanest and best-disciplined army on Earth. The gates of Pekin are quietly opened and 40,000 men march with swinging tread through the great gates, singing the well-known hymn:

Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on Earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

The capital of China had fallen without a shot being fired, and the invading army had entered singing a hymn of peace and goodwill.

Marching straight to the centre of the city, Marshal Feng demanded the abdication of the President, the cessation of war, the punishment of those responsible for the Civil War, and the calling of a conference to secure peace and the formation of a stable government.

However great Marshal Feng may be as a soldier, he is greater still as a social reformer, and greatest of all as a Christian leader. He is the Chinese Cromwell, and his biggest fights have been against gambling, drink, opium, dirt, and disease. Wherever his army goes the place is the better for their presence. Its streets are cleaner, its slums are rebuilt, its opium dens are closed, and its people are made happier. He will never allow his men to be idle. Loafing is in his eyes the unpardonable sin. As soon as a campaign is over the men are set to some new task, if it be only playing football or attending lectures. He is the sworn foe of dirt and laziness and ignorance. Every man in his army has his own mosquito-net, drinking cup, Bible, and toothbrush.

Before the day's work begins Marshal Feng holds a prayer meeting with his officers, and before the day ends he holds a service for the men. Before beginning a battle they pray that there may be no hate in their hearts, and then, with a hymn upon their lips, they charge into the fight. There are many points of resemblance between Marshal Feng and his army and Cromwell and his.

Who knows that Marshal Feng may not be the next President of the Chinese Republic? In any case, our wonderful missionaries have produced in China one of the greatest men that great land has seen, for, remember, it is Christianity and the missionaries who have made this wonderful man what he is.

# NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Nearly eight million boxes of apples have been grown in British Columbia this season.

**England's Allotments**

There are about 1,300,000 allotments in England, which produce about 800,000 tons of food every year.

**Wembley Fragments.**

Over a million pieces of crockery broken at Wembley have been used to make roads and paths at the sports ground of the caterers.

**Irish Boy's Rise**

William Knox, who has just been elected President of the American Bankers, started banking as an office boy. He emigrated from Ireland at nine.

A French general and a German general have both spoken for disarmament on a platform in Berlin.

**Baby's Rattle**

A reward is offered for a lost rattle. It had been handed down in a family from baby to baby for 120 years.

**Water Pipes of Old London**

Wooden water pipes made from hollowed-out trees, and laid in the reign of Charles II, have recently been unearthed in Park Lane, London.

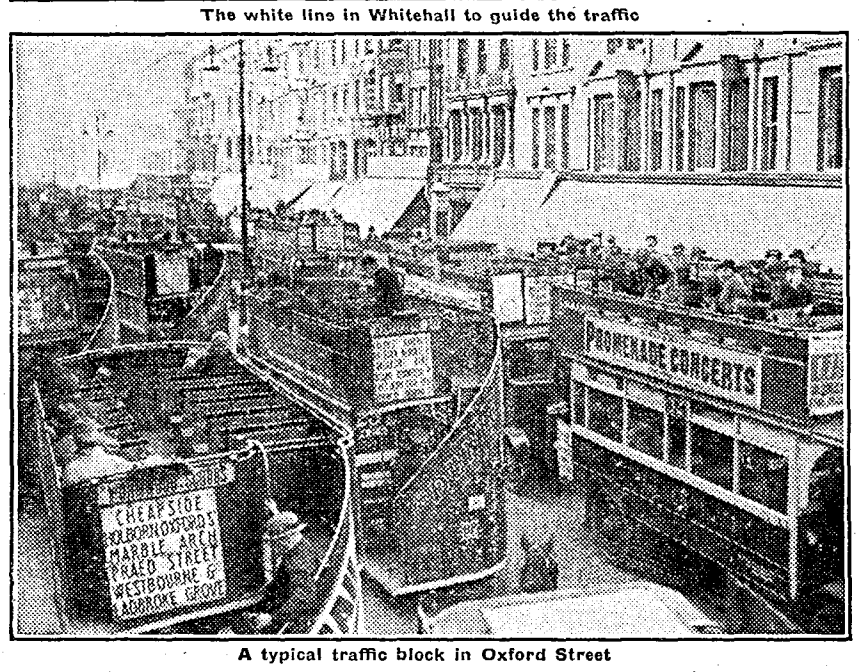
**Penny-in-the-Slot Wireless**

A hotel in California has installed radio slot machines in its rooms, whereby a guest can pick up the broadcasting by putting a coin in the slot.

# LONDON'S BIGGEST PROBLEM



The white line in Whitehall to guide the traffic




A typical traffic block in Oxford Street

**Every big city has its traffic problem, but nowhere is it so urgent as in London. The bottom picture shows what the streets look like during the busy hours, and in the top picture we see the latest device for confining each line of traffic to its right side of the road**

# NATURE'S POOREST CHILDREN

## THE BRAVE FOLK OF BAFFIN LAND

### Life Among the Best of All the Savage Races

### GOOD AND BAD POINTS OF THE ESKIMO

A trading ship, as we reported the other day, has rescued a Dane lost in Baffin Land for three years. He brings home an Eskimo wife, but he leaves his frost-bitten toes behind him.

After Australia and Greenland, Baffin Land is the world's largest island. Its Arctic night lasts from September to March. On Christmas Day, if it is not cloudy, the upper rim of the Sun appears above the horizon for ten minutes at noon. The sea is frozen. Far out on the ocean hunters build houses with blocks of snow. Mr. Frank Bilby, who has spent twelve years among the Eskimos, tells how the ice broke up beneath such a sea-village one night. The people fled blindly, leaping from block to block. Only a handful survived.

### Butterflies in the Arctic

In the summer Baffin Land is clothed in heather and moss. The reindeer live on this moss, scraping away the snow for it in winter till they feed in pits as high as their shoulders. There are no trees, but several flowers, the most common being a yellow poppy and purple saxifrage. Strange to say, there are butterflies and swarms of mosquitoes. The first bird to herald the summer is the snow bunting. Hawk, owl, eagle, and raven stay all the year round.

During the nightless summer the Eskimos go inland to hunt reindeer. Then they live in tents made of hide. Sports are held and singing contests, at which every man must sing a song, generally humorous, of his own making.

### The Eskimo Who Hates War

Perhaps the Eskimo is the best of all savages. He alone hates war instead of loving it, yet his courage can never be called in question, for his whole life is spent in the teeth of danger. He treats a woman as his equal. He has neither king nor servant. Tribal matters are decided by a council of the best hunters and the conjurors who combine the duties of doctor and priest.

Generosity is the first of Eskimo virtues. A hunter who has killed will always share his meat with one who has returned empty-handed. In times of famine children are fed first, women next, and the hunters last. Children are never ill-treated.

### A Land of Good Hunting

But the Eskimo has his flaws; he is highly superstitious. Once Mr. Bilby saw an Eskimo fall into the sea. He was numbed in a moment. Then he drifted near his friends' boats. They did not attempt to save him, lest the sea-goddess should be angered at losing her victim. The Eskimos believe in many spirits, of whom most are good. They believe also in a terrible world under the sea, and a heaven of eternal summer and good hunting.

The Eskimo has always been a marvellous boat-builder, though he had neither iron nor steel tools till Europeans supplied him in recent years. The framework is of driftwood or whalebone, bound by thongs of sealskin and clothed with hide. The kyak is a covered canoe with an opening where the sailor sits, his jacket laced over the opening so that he is one with his craft.

Ten to twenty families make an Eskimo tribe, and the whole nation probably does not exceed 40,000 souls. Wolf and walrus, famine, frostbite, and drowning take yearly toll of them. But the stumpy fur-clad folk always wear a smile on their broad faces. Truly the poorest of Nature's children have something to teach their brethren who dwell in kinder lands.

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# THE LIKES OF A DOG

## DOES IT PREFER LITTLE BOYS TO LITTLE GIRLS?

### Wild Fears of Men and Beasts

### A CURIOUS IDEA AND THE REASON FOR IT

**By Our Natural Historian**

Do dogs prefer little girls to little boys? Letters written to some of the grown-up papers assert that they do.

The assertion is that a dog is apt to snap at a strange boy, but to treat a little girl with gentleness and affection, and two explanations are advanced. One is that boys are mischievous young monkeys, apt to give a dog a pinch, to threaten it with a stick, or to throw a stone at it; while girls, being gentler and more timid, do no offence to dogs and are admitted to their goodwill.

### The Woman and the Dog

A second theory goes deeper. It is that in the old days, when dogs were wild and men savage, it was the man who mastered and captured the dog by violence and cruelty, whereas the woman at home, where the dog was carried captive, fed and protected it.

Neither case can be proved, of course, but the idea is very interesting. One remembers a Shetland pony, which, though full of innocent impudence, was very sweet-tempered, yet when out on the road on a lead, would rush at a group of boys and charge them down with its handsome little head. It remembered that it had been greatly tormented by schoolboys.

An elephant recollects in the same way, especially when it has suffered a wrong. A captive lion remembers an old human friend, and will fawn upon him with delight after long separation. Rosa Bonheur's lion, after a lengthy separation from her, recognised her voice in an instant when she returned to it, though it had become blind.

### Angry Lions at the Zoo

Lions at our Zoo tolerate the presence of Europeans with indifference, but they are roused to fury at the sight of a native of Africa. For natives there were their enemies, and the recollection seems to blaze up years after Africa has been left behind.

That, however, is but the ordinary memory of the individual. We touch more puzzling problems in the fear and hatred which are inborn, not developed within a creature's lifetime.

Monkeys and men have as profound a horror of snakes as dogs are alleged to have of man as its first captor. Darwin tried monkeys at the Zoo with a snake concealed in a paper bag. Probably none of them had ever seen a snake before. They tiptoed to the bag, tails on high, peeped in, screamed at the top of their voices, and fled madly to the top of their cage.

### Jumping Out of the Window

Some years ago a number of Maori chiefs visited London, and, after being entertained at a private lunch, were delighted at a little exhibition of New Zealand relics and pictures. Then they were shown a collection of live slow-worms—our legless lizards. With one consent they uttered cries of horror, leaped out of the dining-room window, jumped fence after fence like deer, and ran wildly away.

It appeared that they had mistaken the lizards for snakes. Now, the queer thing about this is that there are no snakes in New Zealand, but these valiant natives had inherited a horror of imaginary reptiles, with the reality of which, perhaps, their far-away ancestors had had sad experience.

Instinctively they were terrified by the slow-worms as a bird is by a snake, or a savage by an eclipse. E. A. B.

# IS LIGHT GETTING FASTER?

## Another 330 Miles a Second

### WHAT WILL EINSTEIN SAY?

For more than a century the speed of light has been calculated at 186,000 miles a second, which serves very well as a rough estimate.

But Professor Michelson, the Nobel Prizeman, has lately made a new calculation with instruments of very great accuracy, and the newest value obtained is 186,330 miles a second. This new value will not affect the calculations of star-distances in any marked way, but it is always important to have things as nearly exactly right as can be. The speed of light has attracted more notice of late because according to Einstein and the Theory of Relativity nothing can be faster.

For example, suppose a mirror were fixed on the Moon and a beam of light were sent from the Earth to it at midnight. Then the Moon, being about 220,000 miles away, the beam of light reflected and flashed back would reach the Earth at about two and a half seconds after midnight. Einstein says that nothing could ever get there and back quicker than that. If such a thing could be, then events would appear to happen before they did happen.

It is not easy for anyone but a mathematician to understand why this should be, but a scientific man lately made a verse to illustrate the idea:

There was a young fellow named Bright
Whose speed was much greater than light;
He went forth one day
In a Relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

Mr. Jonathan Cape, the publisher, has lately published these lines.

# MOVING MILLIONS

## Guns in New York Streets

When the great Government Federal Reserve Bank of New York moved its headquarters the other day, most elaborate precautions had to be taken to protect the gold that was being transferred.

The new quarters are only five streets away from the old, but the treasure to be moved amounted to over 600 million pounds. Thirty-six armoured cars were used to do the work, and although a Sunday was chosen so that the financial district would be practically deserted, it was considered necessary to have 350 policemen and armed bank employees to guard the cars and approaching streets.

Machine guns were posted at five points, and four armed men manned each car. About a hundred trips were necessary, and in every case a car both preceded and followed the cars carrying the gold and notes.

Everything went without a hitch, and the bank is now at its new headquarters.

# NOWABEE

## How He Came to Wembley

Wembley is over. If a prize were offered for the man or woman who had taken the most trouble to get there Nowabee of Yakafiord would surely win it.

Nowabee is an Eskimo from Baffin Land, far away among the eternal snows of Hudson Bay. Someone who spoke his quaint language told him of the wonders to be seen in the white man's mighty city, so he asked the first steamship captain who called at Yakafiord to take him to Peterhead, in the north of Scotland, and from there he came along to London.

How he enjoyed himself! Nowabee is 27, and stands five feet in his socks, if he ever wears such things. He is always ready to laugh and joke even amid the desolate surroundings of his home; and Wembley has put him in a good humour for the rest of his life. We believe he was there on its closing day, the happiest and quaintest figure in the crowd.

# THE TOUCH OF HUMANITY

## A Duty We Owe to Dumb Creation

### ZOO DIRECTOR'S IDEA

Man, like all other living things that are not vegetables, lives by eating something else that was alive.

It is a law of Nature from which he cannot escape, but as, because of his mind, he is the most powerful of living things, it is his duty to take care that the other animals he takes for food should be deprived of life as mercifully and painlessly as possible. For 36 years past a society has existed to teach people to use humane slaughter-houses, and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, in delivering a lecture in memory of a great and kind scientific man, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, made a valuable proposal on behalf of the animals. As Director of the Zoo, where the animals have to be fed on flesh, he has had to inspect the methods of killing animals for them, and in his opinion the humanity of any way of doing so depends entirely on skill and carefulness.

Dr. Mitchell added some words which are a consolation to those who, though they eat meat, cannot help shrinking from the idea of killing the animals for it. He believes that animals have no presentiment of death.

But they are thrown into a panic by being driven into unfamiliar places, and being handled by unfamiliar people. He urges that every slaughter-house should have attached to it stables or cattle byres where the animals should be placed several hours beforehand, and that when led out from them they should be in the charge of men accustomed to handling them.

# A MOUNTAIN JOURNEY

## A "Caterpillar" Creeps Across Afghanistan

Afghanistan is the last country one would think of for a motor trip, yet a "caterpillar" car has just made a journey across it, from Quetta in Baluchistan to Meshed in Persia.

A caterpillar car has, of course, two driving wheels on each side connected with each other by an endless band which gives a better grip of the ground than wheels alone and keeps them from sinking into mud or sand.

But even for a caterpillar this was a wonderful journey. There is a railway from Quetta to the Afghan border on the road to Kandahar and a road by the same route is being made fit for motor traffic. But beyond that to Herat and onward, though it is a famous trade route, camel and pony afford the only means of transport.

The map shows an endless series of mountain chains, with rivers between them, cutting across the track. It must have been arduous work.

# THE WINTER'S BEST LANTERN LECTURE

## An Admirable Talk for Everybody

Most of us have a great deal still to learn about the growth and work of the League of Nations. What pleasanter way can there be of learning it than by a lantern lecture?

The League of Nations Union has issued a lecture in pamphlet form for 4d., with 62 lantern slides to illustrate it, which will be sent anywhere for 5s. and cost of carriage. The lecture is most admirably and simply written, and the slides appear from their names as interesting as the lecture.

We hope C.N. readers will do their best to get the lecture given as widely as possible this winter. They will enjoy it themselves, for there is no better lantern lecture available this winter, and will be helping in the great fight against war.

# BIG THINGS IN LITTLE

## Models for Teaching Chinese

### A BRISTOL MAN AND HIS WORK

One of the most interesting museums in the world is in the North of China, in the city of Tsinan, Shantung, about 12 hours from Pekin.

It is one of the departments of the Shantung University. The young Chinese boys and girls who come to the museum can see there pictures of the Tower Bridge, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, and the Law Courts, as well as the chief buildings in other cities of the world, and there is a room full of models of the people of Europe, India, and Africa, so that visitors can learn a great deal about the rest of the world.

It is the models which are the most interesting things in the museum. They are the work of Mr. J. S. Whitewright, a Bristol man who went out to China 42 years ago, and has trained there a staff of Chinese as expert model-makers.

### The Big Flies

Very useful work it is. Superstitious beliefs about disease, for instance, are overcome by models of flies and mosquitoes made a thousand times larger than actual size, which show how germs are carried. Then practical instruction in new methods is given by models showing the rough track which does duty for a road in China, with coolies toiling on it, side by side with a miniature modern road on which native carts are being easily drawn, and along which motor wagons and cars are running.

Half a million people visit this wonderful museum every year, while it is largely used by students at the University, who are drawn from 15 out of the 18 provinces of China. All this work is made possible in Tsinan because 14 missionary societies, five British, two Canadian, and seven American, have joined together to give the Chinese the best education possible. Of the old students of the University 139 are now working as physicians, 242 as teachers, and 212 in some sort of church or Y.M.C.A. work; while others are merchants, journalists, and so on. Thirty girls are now studying medicine.

# JOHN WESLEY'S MEN

## Will They Come Together?

The Christian churches have talked much of reunion in recent years, and it would be a splendid thing to see, if it could be managed.

But not much has come, so far, of all the talk.

One little bit of reunion, however, goes steadily ahead. The three principal Methodist Churches (the Wesleyan, the Primitive, and the United Methodists) seem really to be on the point of forming one Methodist Church.

The question has gone backwards and forwards between conferences and synods and circuits for over ten years now, much interrupted, of course, by the war. Now, at last, all the national bodies are agreed on a scheme, and it only remains for the local bodies to confirm or reject it, at their quarterly meetings in December and January.

The United and the Primitive sections have definitely approved; the only doubt remaining is among the Wesleyans, the largest and wealthiest section of all, with, it is said, the least sacrifice to make in the matter of changes of methods and customs. The C.N. wishes them well; it is high time John Wesley's men came together in the great fight against the devil and all his hosts.

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# GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF MAN-POWER

## Setting Up the Steel Frame of a Building

### SEEN FROM THE C.N. WINDOWS

Opposite the C.N. office a new building has been slowly rising.

It is similar to other modern constructions of its kind, but its special interest thus far has been that every ounce of material has been placed and fixed in position by man-power.

Local conditions apparently made the erection of the usual power-driven crane impracticable, and it was therefore left to a mere handful of skilled engineers and fitters to set up by man-power the skeleton of this building.

The lowest columns were placed in position with the help of sheers, and braced by cross-girders into a firmly bolted framework. Heavy planking was next hauled up to form a platform on the cross-girders, and on this was fixed a heavy-geared windlass and massive timber jib with supporting timbers. With this man-power crane as a centre the work of erecting the frame of the building was carried a stage higher. A second crane of similar type was set up on the same level, thus allowing work to be carried on at each end of the site at the same time.

### Steady Progress

And so the work has progressed with steady deliberation day by day and week after week, until today the girders out-top the neighbouring buildings, and the man-power cranes rise high above all, so that the men who work them can look down and see the Editor of the C.N. at his desk.

The shifting of heavy weights without accident is, as many men found to their cost during the war, a matter requiring expert knowledge, and to watch building engineers at work is a constant source of admiring wonder on the part of the passer-by. But that all this should be done by the brain and brawn of a dozen workmen increases wonder on the part of the brain-worker. He may be familiar with the mechanical principles involved, yet he is wholly unused to controlling heavy girders poised high in the air.

# QUICKENING THE CABLE

## More Haste Along the Ocean Bed

### WIRES AND WIRELESS

Major-General Squier's method of sending wireless messages over telegraph lines and the wires used for ordinary household electric lighting has been already described in the C.N.

General Squier has since made a notable invention which may before long be applied to the submarine cables, and make it possible to send messages from one continent to another at a much quicker rate.

Hundreds of millions of pounds are invested in submarine cables all over the world, and the day may come when wireless will prove a serious rival, although there will always be enough traffic to keep both systems busy. But anything which will help to make the submarine cable more efficient will, of course, be of immense value.

General Squier has invented a new kind of Morse alphabet in which dots and dashes are done away with, and wireless signals merely differing in strength are used in their place. An ingenious little machine converts these signals of varying strength into the ordinary Morse characters as at present received by the well-known syphon recorders, so that any ordinary telegraph operator can read them as usual.

Messages will be sent with a rapidity hitherto unheard of, and the signals will be amplified with wireless valves and registered in ink on a travelling tape made of paper.

# A SPLENDID THING UNFINISHED

## What will Happen to Bush House?

### A CHANCE FOR LONDON

A city proud of the architectural beauties of its public buildings should surely rejoice when men of taste and public spirit are ready to add other buildings to its architectural treasures whether for private or commercial use.

The magnificently simple and dignified Bush building on the fine site between Aldwych and the Strand in London was meant to be flanked on either side by other buildings of the same character for the same proprietors.

The Bush Company has announced, however, that in the present state of the property market it cannot afford to go on at the ground rent originally agreed upon, and the London County Council has decided to declare forfeit the £35,000 deposited by the company and seek fresh purchasers of the lease.

No other purchasers, few or many, will complete the architectural scheme originally planned, and the building already erected will never look as well in any other setting. The County Council would be doing a good thing for London if it were even now to make special concessions to the Bush Company, quote it a lower rent, return it its deposit, and secure the completion of one of the finest groups of buildings in its area.

# RUSSIA'S MISERY

## Tragic Collapse of Education

What chance have the Russian people of happier times and easier living while their children are without education?

The Bolshevik Commissary for Education has just made his report to the Central Executive Committee, the nearest approach in Russia to a Parliament. He says that while before the war there were 62,000 schools with 4,200,000 pupils, a year ago there were only 49,000 schools and 3,700,000 pupils in attendance. The schools are virtually empty, for they are unheated, and the children have no boots.

If the children attended some districts would require five times as many schools as they have now. The orphan asylums are overcrowded, but there are no funds for their support, and some of them will have to be closed.

Before the war the teachers got £3 a month; today, with food double the price and dearer than it is here, they get £2.

Tsarist rule in Russia was brutal and cruel, but those who have destroyed it have proved unable to build anything in its place. And their incapacity is being paid for by the children.

# TREASURE TROVE

## Saxon Coins for the Crown

C.N. readers know that when gold or silver that has been buried for safe keeping is discovered, and the owner is dead or cannot be found, it is "treasure trove," and belongs to the King. They know, too, that a Manchester Methodist minister has found Saxon coins and ornaments in a cave on the border of Staffordshire and Derbyshire.

Now, a coroner's jury of learned antiquaries has decided that these are treasure trove, and the coroner has "seized and taken them into his Majesty's hand." They will be sent to the Treasury, and the coroner says he has no doubt that if the British Museum does not want them they will be returned to the finder.

He ought to get something for his trouble. He had been searching the caves systematically for many years, and they were all dug up within a single square yard!

# C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

**What Does Virginibus Puresque Mean?**
It is Latin and means, "For the boys and girls." This is the title of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's books.

**What is the Meaning of Quinquecarinate?**
It means having five ridges, like some of the scales on certain lizards or the carapace of the lyre-turtle.

**When was Halley's Comet First Seen?**
It has a record dating back to 240 B.C., and during the Middle Ages its appearances caused great consternation in Europe.

**What Would a Magnetic Needle do at the Magnetic Poles?**
At these points a freely-suspended magnetic needle would stand vertically.

**What is the Meaning of I Don't Care a Rap?**
It is a simile of indifference. A rap was a counterfeit Irish coin.

**How Long Does the Vulture Live?**
According to Professor Ellenberger, it lives from 110 to 118 years. This, however, is exceeded by the falcon, which has been known to live 162 years.

**What is the Meaning of the Names Beatrix and Beatrice?**
They both mean the same thing, namely blesser, or joy-giver. Beatrix is the original Latin form and Beatrice a later form.

**How Far Back Can Births be Traced at Somerset House, London?**
Compulsory registration became law in 1836 and began in 1837, so that the registers at Somerset House go back to that year.

**What is the Ordnance Survey**
The official survey of Great Britain undertaken by the Government and originally carried out by officers of the Ordnance, or Royal Engineers.

**Why Does Oil Calm a Troubled Sea?**
Oil poured on the water does not stop the waves, but, being viscous or sticky, it prevents the surface of the waves being broken into spray and dashing against and over the ship.

**What Was the First Book Printed by Gutenberg?**
A Latin Bible, called the Mazarin Bible because a copy of it was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It was printed at Mentz, or Mainz, between 1450 and 1455.

**What Are Perigee and Apogee?**
The Sun or Moon is said to be in Perigee when it is nearest to the Earth, and in Apogee when it is farthest away. Apogee is from two Greek words meaning "away from the Earth," and perigee means "round about the Earth."

**In What Countries is Duelling Still Permitted?**
Duelling is still allowed in France, Germany, and one or two other Continental countries, although duels are infrequent and rarely serious. Attempts have been made recently to stop duelling legally in France.

**What is the Best Solution for Electro-plating?**
The solution used commercially is potassium argenti-cyanide, and it is produced in various ways. The most general method is to add a solution of potassium cyanide to a solution of silver nitrate till the cyanide is slightly in excess.

**Who was the Lady of the Strachy Referred to in Twelfth Night?**
This name in Act II Scene 5 of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night is an allusion to some story which is not now known. The poet may have taken the name from some novel or play, on which he may have founded the comic incidents of this drama.

**Is There Any Permanent Cure for Chilblains?**
Chilblains may be regarded as an indication of debility and deficient vital power, and where they are persistent it is best to consult a doctor. The circulation of the blood should be kept normal by exercise and friction of the feet, hands, or ears, as the case may be, and some soothing liniment may be employed; but to avoid chilblains the general health must be attended to.

**Why Have Different Races of Men Different Coloured Skins?**
The reason for the different colours of different races is not fully understood. Dark skins cannot be due entirely to the excessive sunshine, as the Eskimos in the Far North are dark. Some scientists believe the dark colour is due to food and to immunity against certain poisons. One theory is that the oldest races were intermediate between the present extremes.

# URANUS ON VIEW

## WHERE TO FIND THE DISTANT PLANET

## Orbit of 11,000 Million Miles

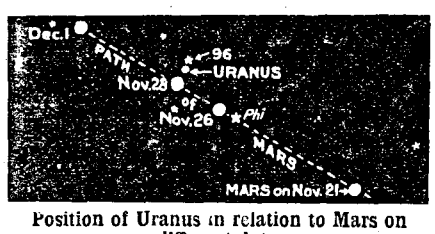
### GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS

**By Our Astronomical Correspondent**

The best opportunity of identifying Uranus that we have had for many years will occur during the next two weeks, when Mars will appear to pass very close to that far-off globe which Sir William Herschel discovered in 1781.

Since then it has passed only one and a half times round the heavens, for the year of Uranus represents 84 of our years, during which it travels 11,000 million miles round the Sun.

Every year now Uranus gets higher in our sky, and so better placed for observation; but, being just at the limit of naked eye visibility, it is usually very difficult for amateurs to find. With the




**Position of Uranus in relation to Mars on different dates**

aid of our star map, however, Uranus cannot very well be missed, particularly if slight optical assistance is used.

Very good sight and a very clear and dark sky are necessary to perceive Uranus with the naked eye—which accounts for his existence remaining unknown until 140 years ago.

The star map shows the position of Uranus, which will change very little during the next fortnight; and also that of Mars, which changes a good deal.

To find Mars is easy, for he is due south about seven o'clock, nearly half of the way up from the horizon toward overhead, and by far the brightest object in that part of the sky.

But Uranus is just below the tiny star marked 96 on the map, and apparently only about one-sixth of the Moon's diameter away. This star of nearly sixth magnitude is, therefore, barely perceptible to the naked eye, but it is just a trifle brighter than Uranus. No other stars as bright are in the vicinity.

On the night of November 28 Mars will pass below Uranus and this Star 96, the three objects being at one time in a line, with Uranus in the middle, and much nearer to Star 96, Mars being less than the Moon's width away.

### A World Unknown to the Ancients

In case this night should be cloudy, Mars will be found to the left of Uranus and Star 96 on the following night, November 29, at a distance of about the Moon's width away. On November 27 Mars will be to the right, and below Uranus, less than the Moon's width away.

On November 26 Mars will be almost midway between the easily-perceptible fourth-magnitude star Phi and Uranus; and on the preceding evenings proportionately farther to the right, as indicated by the star map.

There is a great fascination about being able to glimpse a world that was unknown to the ancients, and one so weird and wonderful. Sixty-five times the size of our own, and blest with a family of four moons—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon—Uranus rolls through those remote depths of space at 260 miles a minute, and at a mean distance of 1781 million miles from the Sun.

At present he is at about the same distance from the Earth, and nineteen times farther off than Mars. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Venus and Saturn are in the east before sunrise. In the evening Jupiter is in the south-west; Mars and Uranus in the south.

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# THE MUD PUPS

## An Exciting Story of a School by the Sea

**Told by T. C. Bridges the C. N. Storyteller**

### CHAPTER 34
**Jarvis Clears the Air**

SIMON SOPER glared at his brother.

"What are you going to do about it?" he snapped. "Which of ye is going to pay for my boat?"

"If you don't keep quiet you will get nothing," replied Jarvis so sternly that Simon's jaw dropped. "Listen to me," he continued coolly. "You have messed up the whole business, Simon. It's no use saying anything more. You'll only get into worse trouble if you do. It's two to one, remember, and everything against you."

Simon gave a sort of groan.

"And you're going to turn me down?" he gasped. "I'm not going to have a penny?"

"I didn't say that," replied Jarvis more genially. "I only spoke as I did to show you how useless it is for you to try to threaten me. Your brother and I are going to make a bit before we have finished, and then you won't be forgotten."

All the bluster was gone out of Simon, and presently he went off quietly.

Jabez watched him go. "You did handle him proper!" he said with a sort of grudging admiration.

Before Jarvis could answer there came a crash from outside, like a motor-car hitting a fence, followed by shrill cries of terror.

"What's up now?" cried Jarvis as he leaped for the door.

The first thing he saw as he dashed out of the farmhouse door was a huge gap in the wooden fence surrounding Soper's yard, and the next, the hindquarters of a great beast disappearing through the hole.

"Your bull, Soper!" he shouted. "The brute's broken out."

"Broken out!" roared Soper as he tore in pursuit. "Let out, I'll lay."

Jarvis's legs were longer than the fat farmer's, and he was the first to reach the gap. There was the bull, a huge, dull-red brute, whose wicked temper had earned it the name of Ugly, charging furiously across the marsh hard at the heels of two boys. The boys were Jenner and his friend Pudding Pringle.

As he passed the gap Jarvis stooped quickly, and snatched up a piece of broken timber, a solid, three-foot length.

Jenner was running for dear life, and Pringle, fat as he was, kept well up with him. Jarvis gained a little on the bull, but already saw that he could not possibly come up with it before it overtook the boys.

The next moment Jenner had reached the first of the dykes. He saw it too late, jumped short, and went flop into it. Pringle, close behind, fell on top of him. For a moment both disappeared beneath the water.

Ugly was at their very heels, and he could not stop himself. But his jumping powers were much greater than theirs, and over he went with a splendid leap, and gained the far side in safety. He pulled up, stood glaring about him, but had not sense enough to realise what had become of his enemies. Then all of a sudden he gave a fresh bellow, lowered his great head, and was off again full tilt.

"What on earth——" began Jarvis, then, as he saw what the bull was after, he stopped with a gasp. For there was Bess close under the sea-wall.

She had a basket in her hand and had evidently been picking mushrooms, and now she was standing stock still, with nothing between her and the furious brute.

"Bess!" yelled Jarvis. "Climb the wall!"

His words roused her from her trance, and, dropping her basket, she turned and scrambled rapidly up the steep slope of the sea wall. Jarvis, too, swung to the right and went up the sea-wall as hard as he could go. He saw that the slope, steep as it was, was not going to stop the bull.

The tide was high, the Saltings on the seaward side of the wall were covered so that Bess could go no farther. She was penned between the bull and the sea. But the short pause had given Jarvis his chance, and he reached the spot just before Ugly made good his footing on the top of the wall, and down came his club with a crash on the bull's nose.

The blow was a terrible one, and the wretched Ugly, losing his footing, rolled over and went crashing down to the foot of the wall.

"Glad I was in time, Miss Arnold," said Jarvis quietly, but inwardly he glowed with triumph. He had saved Bess's life, and so put her and her brother under an obligation they could never forget.

### CHAPTER 35
**Jack Takes a Tumble**

As he ran, Jack looked in every direction for cover, but could see none. In front was a great stretch of barren, heathy land without anything bigger in sight than a few gorse and thorn bushes, and, what made matters worse so far as Jack was concerned, was the fact that the ground sloped upward to a long, bare ridge, the top of which was nearly a mile away.

Jack, of course, had not the faintest idea where he was except that this part of the coast was somewhere north of Marsh End; he did not even know how far he was from the school though he thought it could not be more than fifteen miles.

Meantime he ran as fast as he could, straight inland toward the ridge; and Bingo raced beside him. Jack knew that his pursuers would strain every nerve to catch him, for if he got away it would mean ruin to them. Once the secret of their hiding-place was known, they would not only lose everything but be heavily fined and probably sent to prison.

Yet Jack was not badly scared. He had got a good start, and it would take the smugglers some time to climb the cliff. He felt pretty sure that he could reach the ridge before they caught him, and once over the ridge, he had an idea that he would be safe.

The ridge, however, was a long way off, the day was very warm, and big drops of perspiration were soon streaming down Jack's face. But he was tough as wire, and did not check for a moment until he was quite close to the top of the ridge. Then he ventured to glance back.

To his dismay he saw that Emmett and Lewin were not only up the cliff, but already half a mile inland, and they were coming on very fast!

Jack drew a long breath and sprinted for the top of the ridge. Another couple of minutes and he had reached it. A bitter disappointment was in store, for the country on the far side of the ridge was as open and almost as bare as that which he had already crossed. True, there was a road, but only an ill-kept track without a sign of traffic on it.

To the right—to the north—and about three-quarters of a mile away was a wood. It looked thick, and Jack at once made up his mind that this would give him the best chance of dodging the smugglers, so without a moment's hesitation he ran towards it.

The ground was all rough common, but at any rate he had the slope in his favour, and he ran for all he was worth. He had nearly reached it when the earth gave way beneath his feet, and he came down with a crash that knocked all the wind out of him.

He lay for a moment so breathless that he was quite unable to move, and it was not until he was able to struggle to his feet that a stab of agony shot through his left ankle, and he realised that it was badly damaged.

He looked back.

Cold despair clutched at Jack's heart. All hope was gone, but the thought of being dragged back to that horrible cave prison filled him with such horror that, for the moment, he almost forgot the pain in his ankle, and began to limp to the edge of the wood.

The agony was so intense that it made him feel faint and sick; yet he would not give in, and somehow he managed to gain the shelter of the trees. He found a stout stick, and using it as a crutch, limped onward, hoping against hope that he might find some shelter.

Suddenly he came into a little clearing, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw a house. It was a deserted looking place, with hardly a pane of glass in the windows. Still, it was cover of a sort, and he hurried as fast as he could towards the door.

He had never dreamed that the place was inhabited, and he was amazed when from inside came the sound of a cracked voice humming some queer old tune. He did not wait to knock, but pushed the door open, and stumbled into a low-ceilinged room where an old man was busy cooking at a rusty stove.

The old man turned, and Jack nearly collapsed with sheer amazement. "Endacott!" he exclaimed. "Why, what are you doing here?"

The old man stared at him.

"Who are you? How do you know my name?" he asked.

Jack stared at him.

"Don't be silly!" he retorted. "I'm Jack Seagrave."

"Jack Seagrave," repeated the other. "You—you must be the lad Seagrave that Ben tells of."

"But—aren't you Benjamin Endacott?" asked Jack sharply.

"I'm Paul, his brother."

"I never knew he had a brother," replied Jack; "but there's no time to explain. Bert Emmett and Nick Lewin are after me—the smugglers from Causton Cove."

Paul's dim old eyes lit up.

"They ain't a-going to catch you," he said quite curtly. "Not while I got my wits about me." As he spoke he laid down his frying-pan, and stepping to a cupboard in the wall to the right of the fireplace, opened it. Then stooping down he gave a sharp jerk.

Jack saw the whole floor of the cupboard roll back, displaying a dark opening below, with the head of a ladder showing beneath.

"Can you manage them there steps?" asked Paul anxiously.

"I'd manage worse than that to get away from Emmett," replied Jack, as he swung himself into the opening and, half-hopping, half-sliding, clambered down into the dark, cold depths beneath.

Next instant the house door crashed open.

"Where's that boy?" came Emmett's voice hoarse with rage and running. 'I know he's here, and it's no use telling us he's not!"


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### CHAPTER 36
**Black Pigs**

JABEZ SOPER glared at Jarvis. "You've nigh killed my bull," he said. "If he dies, you've got to pay for him!"

"The bull is none the worse," retorted Jarvis sharply; "and even if it were, what I've done is worth half a dozen bulls. I have put myself right with Arnold. Before this he was beginning to get suspicious, but last night he thanked me almost with tears in his eyes for saving his sister from old Ugly."

"That's all very well," grumbled Soper. "But it won't pay for my bull. And I'm short, I tell you. I'm missing that milk money I got from the school before Arnold came, to say nothing of all that grazing I lost."

"You shall have some money at once," promised Jarvis. "What about that litter of black pigs of yours? You haven't sold them yet, have you?"

"No, nor likely to!" snapped Soper. "And I doubt if they'll pay for fattening. They're no good."

Jarvis chuckled.

"Arnold has just finished building his new styes," he said. "He's looking for pigs to fill them, and I mentioned yours. I said they were a fine litter, worth five pounds apiece, and that it would be a neighbourly act to buy them from you. I said I'd see you did not overcharge."

Soper's little eyes widened.

"Well, you are a one!" he exclaimed. "You mean Arnold will give me five pounds apiece for them?"

"He will; and as there are ten of them, that's fifty pounds."

"But supposing he finds out?"

"Who is there to tell him now that boy is out of the way? Why, Arnold himself doesn't know a Black Suffolk from a Berkshire."

Which was perfectly true. The pigs were sold, and were duly installed in their new stye. Bess was the only one to pass any comments on them. She thought they looked small and said so; but Soper assured her they would grow.

As she was busy weeding a row of carrots that day, Darcy joined her.

"The garden looks top-hole!" he declared cheerfully.

"Yes, Jack will be pleased when he comes back and sees it," Bess answered.

Darcy opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. But Bess saw.

"You don't believe he will come back, Gerald?" she said quietly.

"I—I don't know," stammered Darcy. "Bess, I'm horribly afraid he was drowned with that trawler."

Bess shook her head.

"No, Gerald, I am sure he wasn't. I dreamed about him last night, and he was alive. But he was in awful trouble of some sort."

Gerald saw tears in her eyes.

"If he's alive he'll get out of the trouble," he said quickly.

And just then the supper bell rang, and they had to run.

That night Bess dreamed again of Jack, and somehow it seemed that he was near her. She almost thought she heard his voice calling to her. She woke with a start and lay listening intently.

There came a sound from outside, the click of a latch, and jumping out of bed, she ran to the window which looked over the yard. The night was still, and the Moon high in the cloudless sky.

In the shadow under the far wall a figure was stealing softly along. It was that of a boy, but the shadow was too deep and dark for her to make out who it was.

Bess's heart began to pound. Could it be Jack? In a moment she had slipped on her dressing-gown and slippers, and was hurrying quietly down the back stairs.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## Master of the World

NEVER did a young man come into a more splendid inheritance than a youth of nineteen who had been adopted by his grand-uncle as his son and heir.

This uncle was a great general, a great administrator, and a great master of men. He subdued one rival after another, and when at last it seemed that he was to be supreme, he was assassinated.

The nephew was in a distant town taking lessons from a tutor, but he at once returned to the capital and after some fighting, in which he defeated his uncle's murderers and other rivals on sea and land, he obtained full control of a great empire and was himself hailed as emperor.

Although his father had died when he was only four years old the boy had been carefully educated by his grandmother, mother, and stepfather, all of whom worked well together in the boy's interest. He was something of an orator, and when only twelve years old pronounced a funeral oration in praise of his grandmother.

When his uncle was away fighting in a foreign land the boy set out to join him, but his ship was wrecked and he had to make his way through the enemy's country with only a few companions. His success in doing this gave great pleasure to his uncle.

After coming to power the young emperor travelled extensively about his vast dominions, and although he never engaged in war for its own sake, he was always ready to fight to defend his frontiers, sometimes leading the army himself. Although pretending to give the people a share in the government he was really an autocrat and was master of almost the whole of the known world at that time.

Once when he was travelling by night, his litter was struck by lightning which killed the slave who was carrying a torch before him. In gratitude for his escape he dedicated a temple. He also set up many other fine buildings and added greatly to the glory of his capital.

He did many useful things. Among others he appointed a nightly watch to be on guard against accidents from fire—a sort of primitive fire brigade; and in order to prevent the frequent inundations he widened and cleansed the bed of the river running through the capital. He also repaired many of the roads.

He often showed clemency in dealing with personal enemies, and though invested with autocratic power did not use it with undue tyranny. The people loved him and gave him the title of "The Father of His Country." Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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# Some Picture Fills Each Day the Whole Year Round

## Dr. MERRYMAN

A GENTLEMAN interested in botany was walking through a park when he noticed a small plant he did not know the name of. Approaching a park-keeper he said:

"Excuse me, but do you happen to know what family that plant belongs to?"

"I happen to know that it doesn't belong to any family," replied the park-keeper gruffly. "That plant belongs to the District Council."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**What Is It?**

MY first is in spilling and also in spoil,
My second's in labour and also in toil,
My third is in uncle and also in aunt,
My fourth is in cannot and also in can't,
My fifth is in healthy and also in hale,
My sixth is in pallid and also in pale,
My seventh's in master and also in maid,
My eighth is in purchase and also in paid,
My ninth is in cattle and also in goat,
My tenth is in harbour and also in boat,
My eleventh's in sneezing and also in snort,
My whole is a prosperous English port. *Answer next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHY are balloons like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**Safety First and Last**

THE picture-alphabet which begins here is from a poster issued by the London "Safety First" Council.



A is for Accident you'll never know
So long as you're careful and look where you go.



B is for Boy—an excitable elf,
Heedless of risks—I have been one myself.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**Do You Live at Shipley?**

THE name was originally spelt Scipeleia, and is from the Old English sceap, a sheep, and lea, meaning either a meadow or a village. The meaning is therefore the sheep meadow or village, Shipley, no doubt formerly having been noted for its flocks of sheep.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**A Jungle Grumble**

A LEOPARD with ninety-nine spots
Complained, "Half-a-score would be lots.
With so many—oh, dear!—
I am looking, I fear,
Like a writing-pad covered with blots!"

WHAT is that which everyone can divide with a knife, but in which no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**A Hidden Word Puzzle**



**The initial letters of the words represented by these pictures will, when arranged in the proper order, spell a word that stands for the highest form of life. Can you find out what it is?** *Solution next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHEN is a candle in a passion? When it is put out or when it flares up.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**How Is It Done?**

AN American tourist, while passing along the canals of Venice in a gondola, turned to his guide and said: "Friend, can you tell me how the inhabitants of this city put their cats out at night?"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**A Wonderful Trick**

ARE you almost discontented
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment,
If anything can.
Do something for somebody, quick!

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**Past and Future**

A HUMORIST sent a batch of jokes to an editor, and anxiously waited for a cheque to arrive. After a few days he found among his letters an envelope bearing the name of the paper. Eagerly he opened it—and found only this brief note:

"Dear Sir, Many thanks for the jokes you kindly sent us. Some we have seen before; others we have not seen yet."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**Do You Know Me?**

MY first I received in a fight,
For which I was blamed by my dad;
So homeward I went in a plight,
Which made my poor mother quite sad.
My second returns to his seat
A Parliament member or so,
And to hear their wise talk when they meet
I would that my readers could go.
But go to my whole if you please;
'Tis seated beside the seashore;
And there to enjoy the sweet breeze
The visitors flock by the score.
*Solution next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

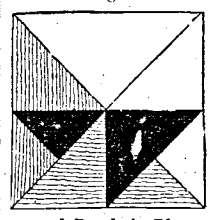
WHY does a sparrow fly over a brick wall?
Because he cannot fly through it.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES**

**A Quarter of Three-Quarters**

This diagram shows how the gentleman kept one quarter of the square plot of land for himself and equally divided the remainder among his four sons.



**A Puzzle in Rhyme.** O-rat-or

**What Am I?** Pass-age

## Mr. Jacko Buys a Car

FOR several weeks Mr. Jacko had been behaving in a very mysterious way. They all noticed that he wasn't himself, and Mrs. Jacko, for one, got quite worried about him.

"Perhaps it's a surprise," said Jacko hopefully.

And, sure enough, a surprise it was! The very next day Mr. Jacko called them all round to the front of the house, and, standing in the drive, was a smart new car!

"What d'ye think of that?" he asked triumphantly. "I thought I'd give you all a surprise."

Mrs. Jacko was delighted at the prospect of some rides in the country, though she said that motors made her nervous.

"And I'm afraid it must have cost a lot of money," she added doubtfully.

But Mr. Jacko told her not to worry.

"It's not as if it were a big car," he said.

He was certainly right about that. The car was almost as small as they make them.

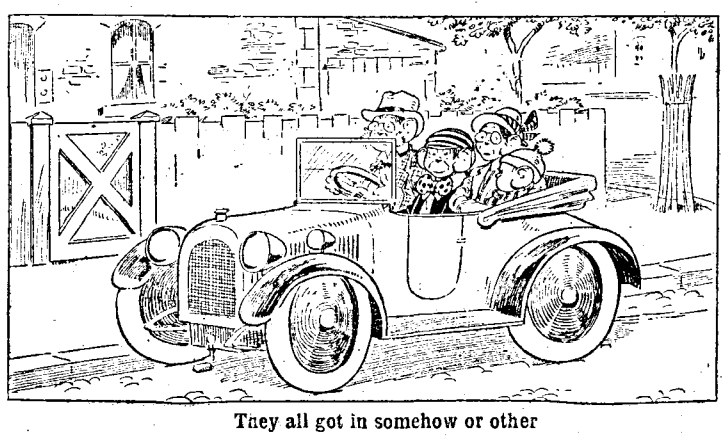
Adolphus said he wouldn't care to be seen out in it; but the rest of the family were much too pleased and excited to listen to what he had to say, and they wanted to go for a drive.

"Very well; I'll take you," said Mr. Jacko proudly. "Jump in—the lot of you."

Jacko was amazed when he saw his father clamber into the driving seat. He didn't know he could drive—and said so!

"Another surprise for you, my boy," answered Mr. Jacko. He was as pleased as Punch!

They all got in somehow or other—all except Adolphus, who said he wasn't going to risk his neck.



**They all got in somehow or other**

Jacko sat in the middle because he was the smallest, and Mrs. Jacko sat on the outside with the baby on her lap.

"It's cold work going fast," she said.

But it didn't seem as if they were to go fast. Mr. Jacko pulled first one lever and then another, and did all sorts of things with his feet. But the car didn't move an inch!

Mr. Jacko was beaten. He couldn't make it out at all, and he glared round at Jacko suspiciously, to see if he was laughing.

Jacko was laughing! He really couldn't help it. *For Mr. Jacko had forgotten to turn on the petrol!*

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Pussy Moves the Family

A London reader sends us this story, which seems to support the theory that cats become attached to places rather than to people.

The other day a cat was found wandering in a busy London bank, and work was stopped for a minute while she was given a saucer of milk.

The cat then left, but soon returned with a kitten in her mouth. Again the saucer was filled, and again Pussy went out, leaving her kitten to enjoy the milk.

A few minutes later she came back with a second kitten! But this time she was followed by two workmen, who explained to the bank clerks that they came from a neighbouring warehouse. The cat was theirs, they said, and when they had seen her removing her family one by one, they had followed her. It was quite evident that she intended to leave her home in the warehouse for this land flowing with milk and money.

### Minette déménage avec sa famille

Un lecteur de Londres nous transmet cette anecdote qui semble soutenir la théorie que les chats s'attachent aux localités plutôt qu'aux personnes.

L'autre jour on découvrit une chatte errant dans une grande banque de Londres, et les opérations cessèrent une minute pendant qu'on donnait à Minette une écuellée de lait.

La chatte disparut, puis revint peu après portant entre ses dents un petit. On remplit de nouveau l'écuelle, et Minette ressortit, laissant son petit savourer le lait.

Quelques minutes plus tard, elle était de retour avec un autre petit! Mais cette fois-ci, deux ouvriers la suivaient, qui expliquèrent aux commis de banque qu'ils venaient d'un entrepôt avoisinant. Ils déclarèrent que la chatte leur appartenait et que, lorsqu'ils l'avaient vue emmener ses petits un à un, ils l'avaient suivie. Il était évident qu'elle avait l'intention de déménager de l'entrepôt afin de s'établir dans ce pays où coulaient le lait et l'argent.

Tales Before Bedtime

## The Robber

THE children had found the little nut tree in the wood in the spring. Then it had been covered with long yellow catkins and tiny crimson flowers.

"Jolly!" said Roger. "It's our tree because we found it, and by-and-by we shall have some nuts."

Then the catkins and the wee crimson flowers disappeared, and green leaves covered the tree. Later on tiny nuts came, tucked inside their crinkly green and brown coats.

"Fancy! Our nuts!" said Joan. "How lovely to pick them off a tree instead of buying them from a shop!"

"Let's keep them for dessert on Christmas Day," suggested Roger. And Babs cried, "Oh, I do hope nobody else finds them!"

In September the nuts looked so nice and big that Roger cracked one; but the kernel was small and soft, and Joan said they must wait quite two weeks more before gathering them.

"But suppose somebody else gets them!" sighed Babs. "It's such a little tree, and we want lots and lots of nuts for Christmas dessert."

Then, one day Roger took a walk to the wood by himself, and came running back with the news that the nuts were so ripe they were falling off the tree.

"We'll go and gather them on Saturday," said Joan.

It was unlucky that Saturday was wet, and then, on the next holiday, Babs had a cold and they couldn't go without her. But on the third Saturday they all went off to the wood with baskets and sticks.

To their great surprise, they found every single nut had vanished, except three!



**It was covered with yellow catkins**

It was a great disappointment. "Somebody's taken them," sighed Joan.

"A nasty robber!" wailed Babs.

"And there he is!" cried Roger, pointing to a little red squirrel whisking up a tree with a nut in his mouth.

"Well, *he* can't go and buy nuts at a shop, and he must have a Christmas dinner," cried Joan. "So we ought not to mind, because he's such a darling, and he has left three—one for each of us!"

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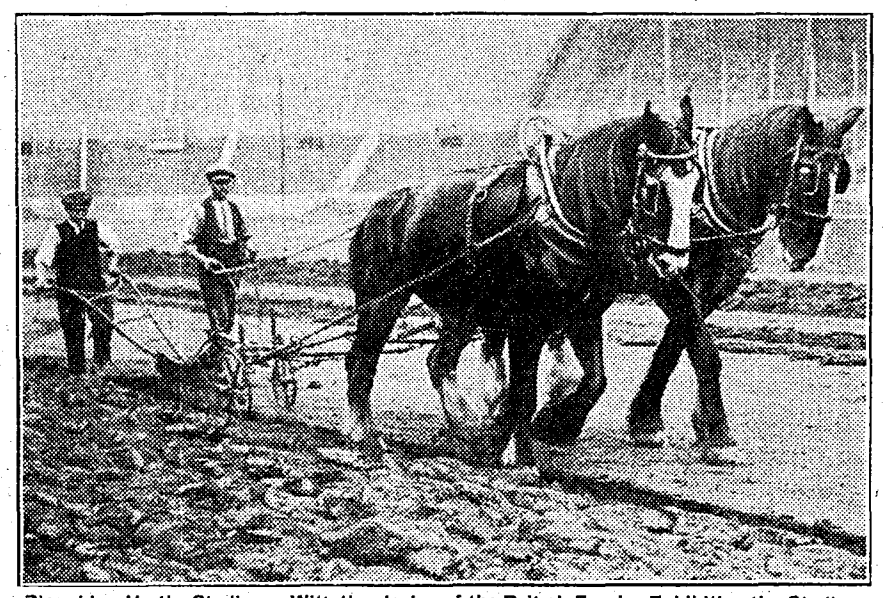
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

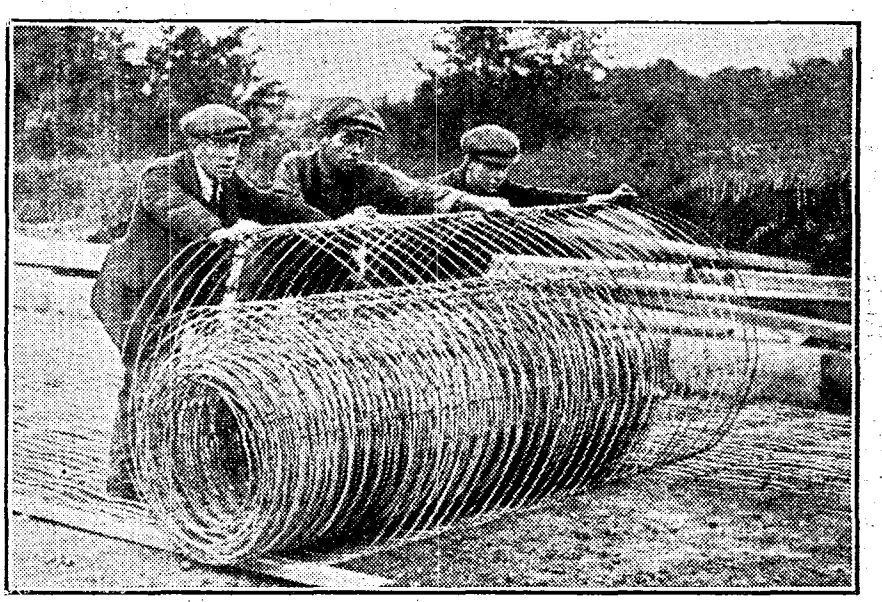
November 15, 1924 — Every Thursday 2d.

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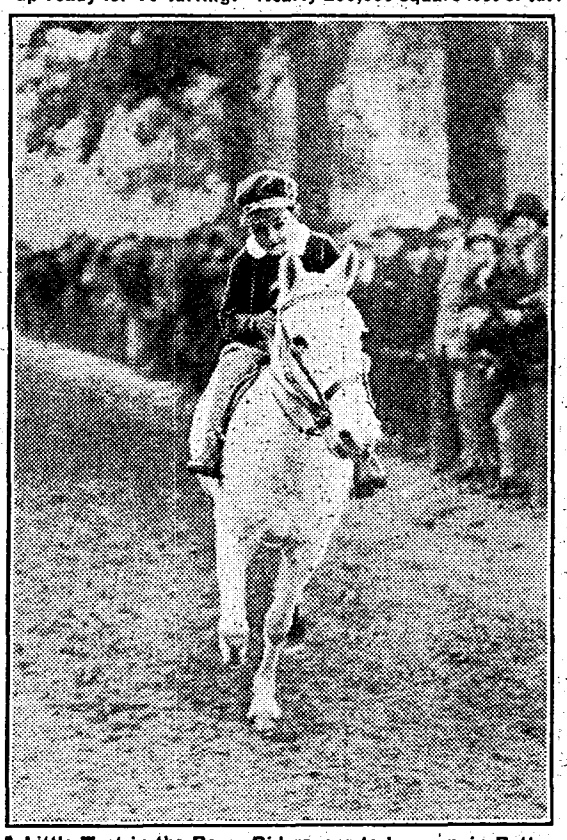
## PLOUGHING UP THE STADIUM · RIDING AN OSTRICH · THE TRUANT MONKEY



**Ploughing Up the Stadium—With the closing of the British Empire Exhibition the Stadium is being prepared for the Football Cup Final next year, and here we see it being ploughed up ready for re-turfing. Nearly 200,000 square feet of turf are being used for this purpose**



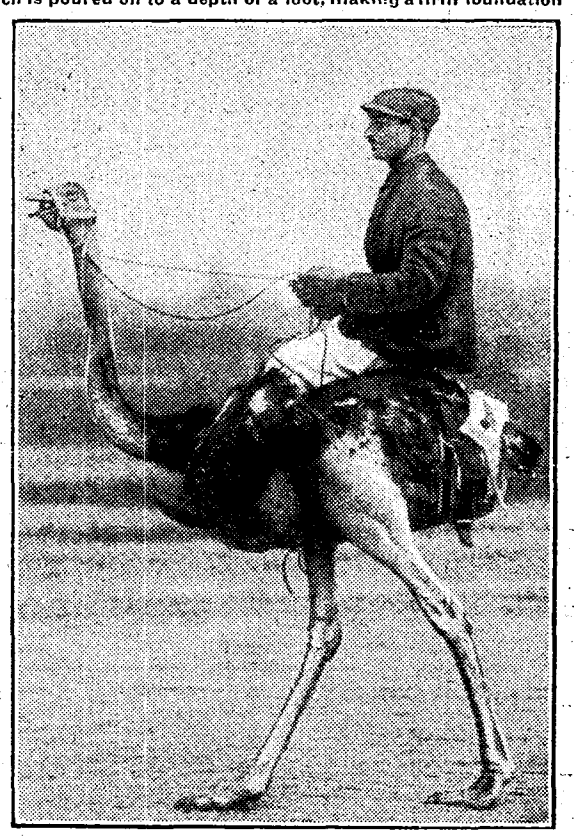
**Making the New Roads in Ireland—Many of the main roads in the counties of Down and Antrim are being entirely remade. As shown in this picture, wire-netting is being laid as a reinforcement for concrete which is poured on to a depth of a foot, making a firm foundation**



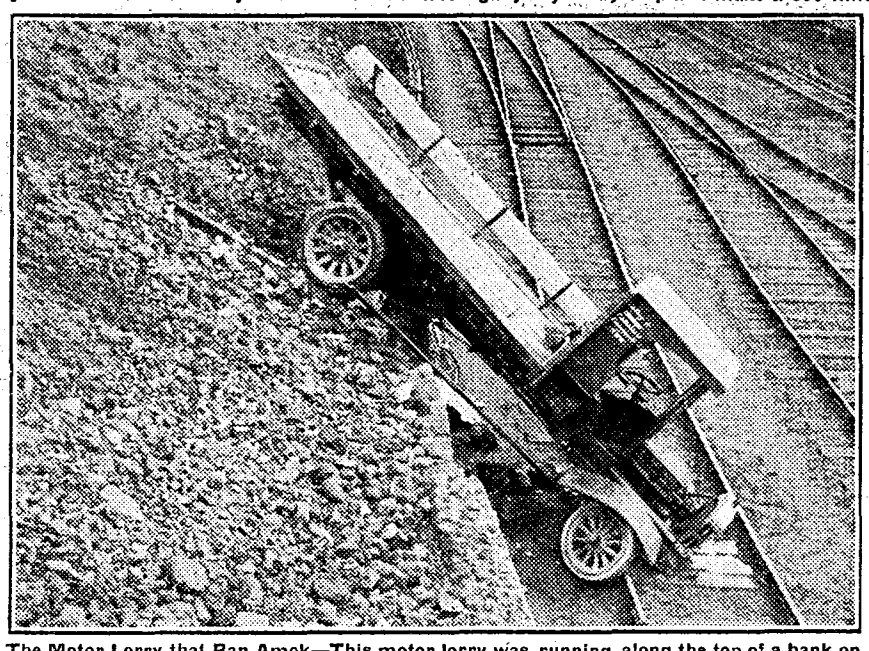
**A Little Trot in the Row—Riders are to be seen in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, on any bright morning now, and this youthful rider has many admirers as he trots gaily by**



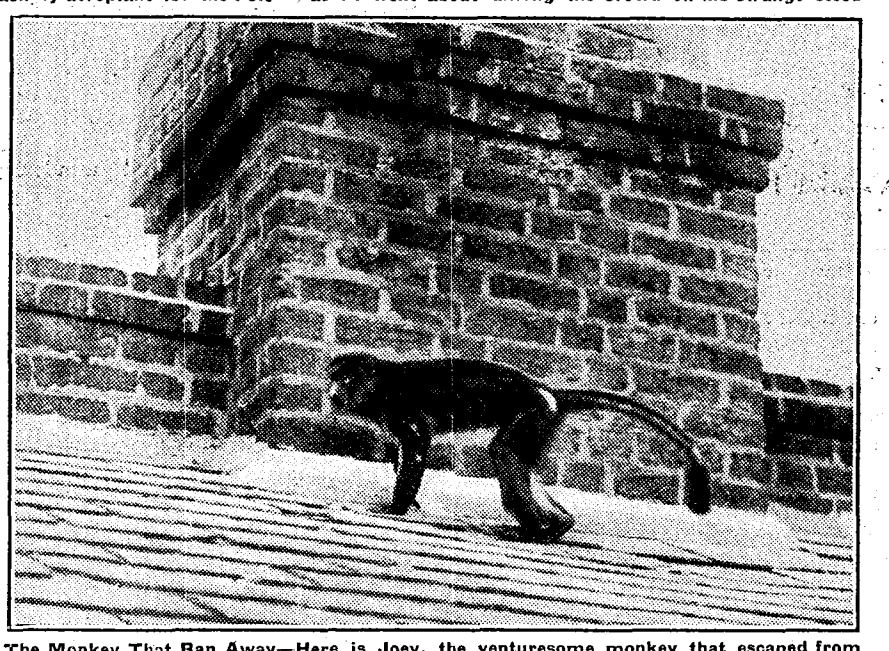
**Getting Ready for a Dash to the Pole—Mr. Grettir Algarssen, a young British explorer, who will next year go to the Arctic by ship and make a 600-mile dash by aeroplane for the Pole**



**A Ride on an Ostrich—At a recent fete at Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia, this ostrich-rider aroused much interest as he went about among the crowd on his strange steed**



**The Motor Lorry that Ran Amok—This motor lorry was running along the top of a bank on Teeside when the steering gear suddenly became locked and the lorry crashed through the railings, down the steep bank, and on to the Middlesbrough and Saltburn railway line**



**The Monkey That Ran Away—Here is Joey, the venturesome monkey that escaped from a house in Camberwell and avoided capture for over a week, dodging among the chimney-pots; he was watched in the daytime by crowds of people in the streets.** **See page one**

## THE LOVELIEST THING THE AGES HAVE GIVEN US—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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